

INSIDE THE US EMBASSY

THE Tatler

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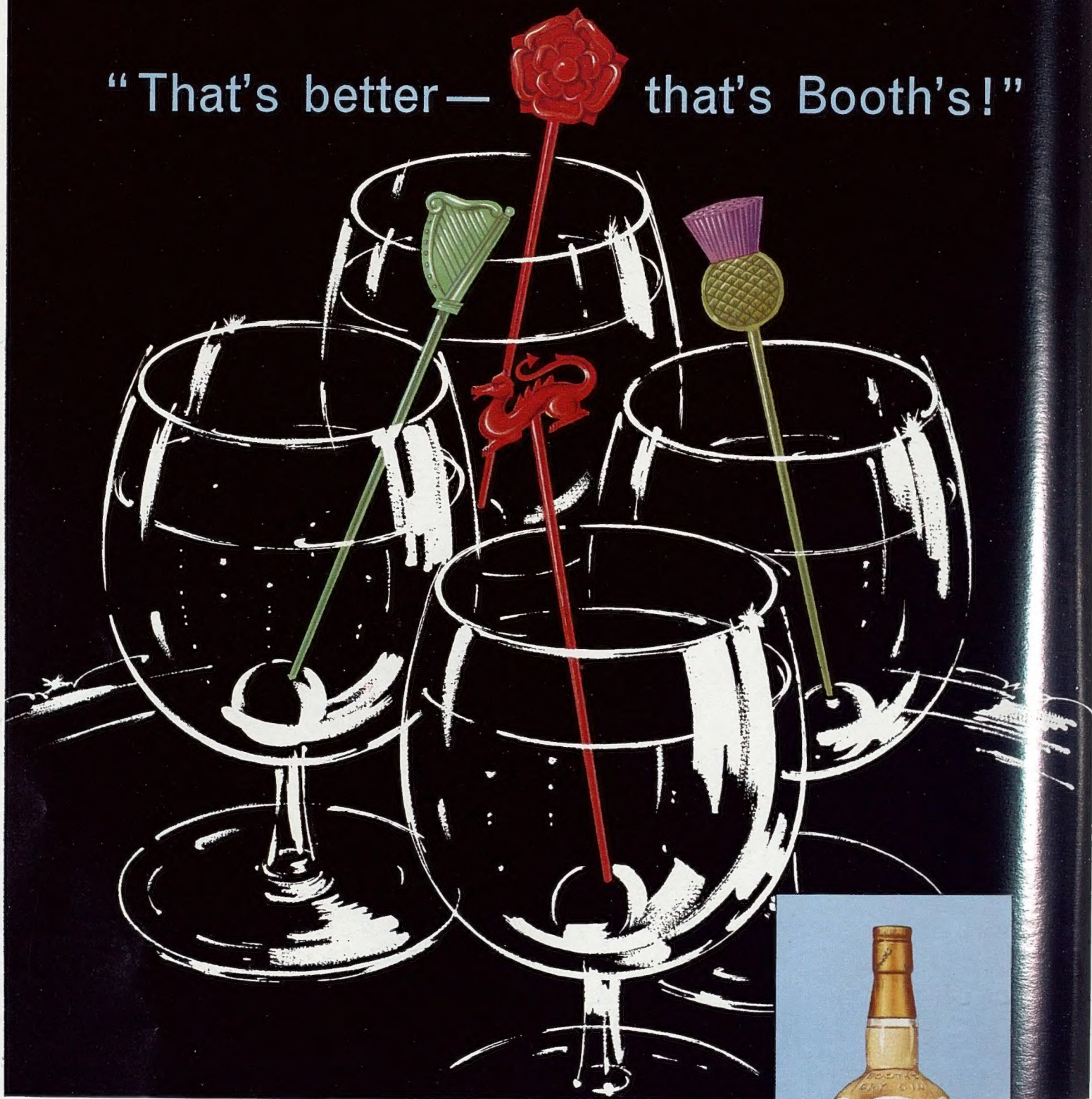


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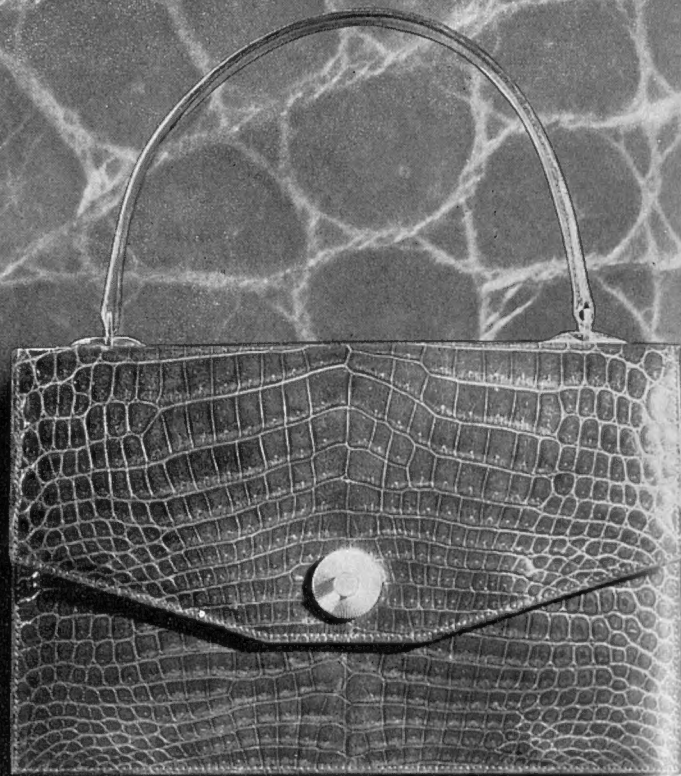


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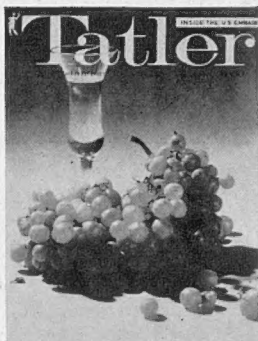
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ALL CHANGE IN ALDWYCH & W.1



Seasonal succulence as seen by ROGER HILL, one of *The Tatler's* team of contributing photographers who has lately returned from a scholarship course at the headquarters of Kodak in Rochester, N.Y. He says that he thinks every Christmas tree should have some grapes on it. For some other tree suggestions, see *Counter Spy* (page 670)

Two brave projects make progress in the West End this week, and both of them are covered in these pages. In the Aldwych the theatre of that name makes a sharp departure from its pre-war tradition of farce, and opens up as a London branch of the Stratford-on-Avon sanctuary of Shakespeare. Richard Findlater writes an introduction to this new production policy, which is about as near as he seems likely to get to his much-advocated goal of a national theatre. See *Aldwych all change* (page 656). The other West End novelty is the controversial American embassy in Grosvenor Square, which was to have been officially opened this week, but is now not likely to be ready till next month. Still, parts of it are already in use, and as the Ambassador comes into the news with an exhibition of Impressionist paintings at The Tate, this seemed a good time to show what the embassy looks like inside. So on page 647 onwards the extraordinary facilities of the building may be examined in pictures taken by Alan Vines with the Ambassador's co-operation. The feature is called *Grosvenor Square West*. . . .

Something else new is the idea of Egypt for holidays. It may jar many who wryly remember Suez, but diplomatic relations are now resumed with Nasser and the United Arab Republic authorities over here are handling tourist inquiries. Cynthia Ellis, a recent visitor to Egypt, found big changes. She describes and photographs some of them in *Egypt—the erasure of the Raj* (page 658 onwards). . . . Also in this issue: *Ladies in retirement*, a look at the latest in lingerie, which may be helpful on the presents front (page 663 onwards). . . . Gordon Wilkins on *Brakepower and womanpower* (page 678). . . . Alan Roberts on the doyen of the action painters, Jackson Pollock (page 674). . . .

Next week: The Crazy Gang—are they funny . . . ? Rupert Croft-Cooke: A Christmas ghost story. . . .

P S: From Argentina a reader writes: "My wife and I wish to send a word of thanks to your contributor Helen Burke. We have here an excellent but untrained cook. Thanks to the recipes, we have added several dishes—and more especially sauces—to her repertoire." Helen Burke writes as usual this week (page 677)

SOCIAL

Hunt Balls on 16 December: The Blackmore Vale, at the Digby Hotel, Sherborne; The Marlborough College Beagles, at the College; the New Forest Buckhounds, at New Forest Hall, Brockenhurst; the United, at Walcot Hall, Lydbury North; the Warwickshire, at Shire Hall, Warwick.

Reluctant Bachelors' Ball, 16 December, at the Hyde Park Hotel, in aid of the Building Extension Fund of Great Ormond St. Hospital Medical School. Tickets 5 gns., from Mr. David Brewster (HAM 6776).

ANGUS McBEAN



GOING PLACES

Royal Academy Winter Exhibition—the Age of Charles II, Burlington House, Piccadilly, W.1.

The Whitney collection. Impressionist paintings lent by the U.S. Ambassador, Tate Gallery, from 16 December. (See Grosvenor Square West, page 647.)

Picasso En Gravures, Redfern Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1, to 31 December.

EXHIBITIONS

Christmas Exhibition of Fine Crafts, 16-17 Hay Hill, W.1, to January.

Romantic Novelists' Exhibition, National Book League, 7 Albemarle St., W.1, to 4 January.

FIRST NIGHTS

Aldwych. *The Duchess Of Malfi.* 15 December.

Mermaid. *Emil & The Detectives.* 15 December.

Scala. *Peter Pan.* 16 December.

Prince's. D'Oyly Carte Opera in Gilbert & Sullivan. 19 December.

Lyric, Hammersmith. *Hooray For Daisy.* 20 December.

Aldwych. *Twelfth Night.* 20 December.

Westminster. *Toad Of Toad Hall.* 20 December.

Victoria Palace. *The Young In Heart.* 21 December.

Royal Court. *The Lion In Love.* 21 December.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 62.

Billy Liar. "... for all its shortcomings, the most complete study of a daydreamer that the stage has ever given us ... extremely well acted." Albert Finney, George Cooper, Jennifer Jayne, Ann Beach. (Cambridge Theatre, TEL 6056.)

West Side Story. "... his dramatic moments ... music and dancing are most happily integrated." Marlys Watters, Don McKay, George Chakiris, Ken Le Roy. (Her Majesty's Theatre, WHI 6006.)

The World Of Suzie Wong. "... an idyll working itself out to a foregone conclusion ... Oriental glamour ... spectacular interludes. Miss Tsai Chin is direct, unsentimental and enormously vivacious. ..." Tsai Chin, Gary Raymond. (Prince of Wales Theatre, WHI 8681.)

CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 673.

G.R. = General release

Saturday Night & Sunday Morning. "... honest and earthy ... the central character has guts and an individual attitude to life ... Mr. Finney's remarkable performance dominates the film." Albert Finney, Rachel Roberts, Shirley Anne Field, Bryan Pringle. (Berkeley Cinema, MUS 8150.)

The Millionairess. "... beautifully directed ... the sets are splendid ... excellent performances." Sophia Loren, Peter Sellers, Alastair Sim. (Carlton, WHI 3711.) G.R.

Chelsea Town Hall, in aid of the Mental Health National Appeal. Tickets (double) 50s. and (single) 27s. 6d. from Joan Lady Cunliffe, 17 Malvern Court, S.W.7.

Bertram Mills Circus Royal Performance, to be attended by the Queen & the Duke of Edinburgh, 21 December, at Olympia, in aid of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund and the Central Council of Physical Recreation. Tickets 7s. to 5 gns. from the Hon. Secretary, Royal Circus Performance, 1 Dorset Square, N.W.1 (FUL 3333).

Children's Party (eight to 12 years), 22 December, at Hurlingham Club.

SPORT

Rugby: England v. The Rest, Twickenham, 17 December.

Race meetings: Sandown Park, 14, 15; Hurst Park, 16, 17; Uttoxeter, 17; Southwell, 19, 20 December.

MUSICAL

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *Cinderella* (opening perf.), 7.30 p.m. tonight. Other performances, 17 (& mat.), 19, 21, 23, 27 (& mat.) December; 4, 7 (& mat.) January. (COV 1066).

Covent Garden Opera. *Tosca*, 15 December, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, 17 & 22 December, *Aida*, 20 December.

Sadler's Wells Opera. Opening performance tonight of *Die Fledermaus*, also 16, 21 December, 7.30 p.m., and 23 December (broadcast) 7 p.m.; *The Barber of Seville*, 17, 21, 22 December, 7.30 p.m. (TER 1672/3).

Royal Festival Hall. Bach Choir & Jacques Orchestra in a Family Carol Concert, 2.30 p.m., 17 December; Hampstead Choral Society in Bach's *Christmas Oratorio*, 8 p.m., 17 December; Goldsmiths' Choral Union, carols for choir & audience, 3 & 7.30 p.m., 18 December; *Messiah*, by London Philharmonic Orchestra & Choir, 7.30 p.m., 19 December; Segovia guitar recital, 8 p.m., 20 December.

ART

Henry Moore—Sculpture 1950-60, Whitechapel Gallery, Whitechapel High St., E.1, to 1 January (not Mondays).

DOROTHY TUTIN as Viola, and Eric Porter as Malvolio in *Twelfth Night*, the second of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre productions at the Aldwych. This new venture opens tomorrow with *The Duchess of Malfi*. See Aldwych all change page 656

St. Martin-in-the-Fields Christmas Matinée, Drury Lane, to be attended by the Queen Mother, 19 December, at the Theatre Royal, in aid of the Save the Children Fund. Tickets 5s. to 5 gns., from the Matinée

Secretary, 9 Motcomb Street, S.W.1. (SLO 9171).

The Wellington Ball, 19 December, at Quaglino's. Details from Sir Kenneth Lock, 27 Chiltern Court, N.W.1 (WEL 5544).

Young People's Dance, 20 December, at Chelsea Red Cross H. Q. Tickets (including supper) from the Dance Secretary, Chelsea Red Cross, 67 Old Church Street, S.W.3.

Children's Party (up to seven years), 21 December, at Hurlingham Club.

The Mistletoe Ball, 21 December, at

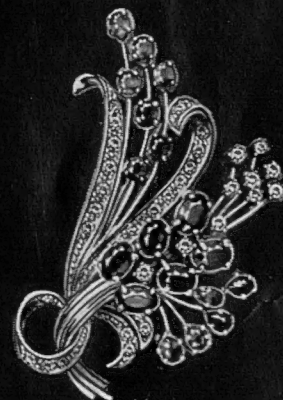
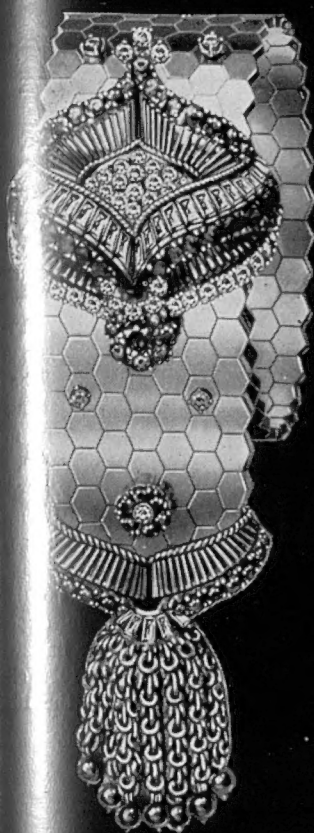




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GOING PLACES LATE

Douglas Sutherland

MOST FREQUENTLY RECURRING letters in my daily post are those that enquire about suitable late spots for young people on an evening out. A typical one last week asked me to recommend a venue for a 21st birthday party. Others want to know where to meet or where to go on to after the theatre. This is the time of year when such problems most frequently arise—especially for young people—so I'll cover a few of the answers now.

Where to meet. I don't think you can do better than one of the big West End hotels. They are convenient, usually comparatively uncrowded and, if you pick the right one, not much above normal bar prices. Specially recommended are

the RITZ (remember to stipulate whether the Rivoli bar upstairs or Laurie's downstairs—more promising young romances have come to grief through a misunderstanding on this point than I care to mention), the BERKELEY (Lounge or Buttery), BROWN'S HOTEL in Dover Street or, farther West, the HYDE PARK HOTEL. Clubbier and more sophisticated are the downstairs bar at the Embassy and the Maisonette in Shepherd Market.

After the theatre. If one show in an evening is not enough—most young people can take more—I recommend the TALK OF THE TOWN. You can eat there, dance, and also see memorable stars like the Andrews Sisters for an all-in price. But make

sure to book first. They will take trouble to see that your party is well looked after.

Or why not a night club? There are several good ones, not too expensive and where Mum and Dad can happily go home at midnight and leave the youngsters to it. For a good meal and good music the SATIRE is highly recommended. Early comers benefit from a reduced entrance charge and Confrey Phillips, who also owns the place, plays the sort of music debs. like to dance to.

Also fashionable with young people is the BLACK SHEEP in Whitehorse Street, where I talked this week to Cornish landowner Capt. Billy Bolitho. He has a stake in the place and turns up most nights to see what goes on. There has always been much conjecture about who actually started the BLACK SHEEP last year with the admirable intention of providing a more or less non-profit-making

Mayfair night spot. I can now disclose that it was a French nobleman, Monsieur le Comte d'Onclieu. He lives in Paris, but is always to be seen in the club when he comes to London.

Finally, the BLUE ANGEL in Berkeley Street. This is probably the oldest established of the new type of night club and draws its clientele from the Chelsea and Kensington sets, who drop in for a drink after economical eating at places like the Vino Bistro and Luba's in Yeomans Row. Big attraction is Hutch at the piano and Noel Harrison playing the guitar. There is a half-crown entrance for early arrivals and simple, reasonably priced, food.

The three clubs mentioned require introduction by a member but, by giving two days' notice this is easy enough to arrange. It's well worth the trouble to call in beforehand and give them details of your party.



GOING PLACES TO EAT

John Baker White

C.S. = Closed Sundays

W.B. = Wise to book a table

The Versailles, 50 Frith Street. (GER 0805.) C.S. This restaurant was taken over recently by Mario from the Albany Club and Mino from the Savoy and is popular with personalities of the stage, screen and television. The cooking is French and good, but Italian dishes are also a speciality. Allow about 20s. per head without wine. From a purely personal point of view I found it a bit on the warm side. W.B.

The Braganza, 56/57 Frith Street. (GER 5412.) C.S. Bernard Walsh is a creator of first-class restaurants, and this, his latest London acquisition, is a mirror to his craftsmanship. He has wisely put his daughter Carol in charge, inheritor of her father and mother's charm. The Wheeler group standard is maintained, and there are 19 sole dishes and 11 lobster. The wine list, like the food, is of high quality, the service excellent. Discerning visitors from Europe have discovered it already. You can eat

well for a little over £1. W.B.

La Speranza, 179 Old Brompton Road (KEN 9437). This restaurant is often full on Monday evenings, a pointer to its popularity. By maintaining its standards over a long period, it has encouraged many regulars. The Italian wines, including a white Valtellina, are particularly well chosen. The *jam-bon de Parme* and the *osso-buco* are usually particularly good. W.B.

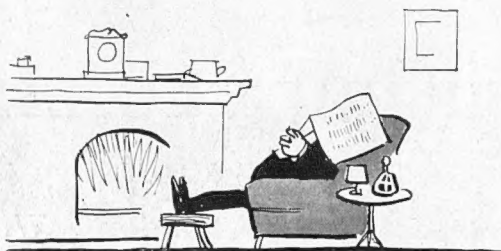
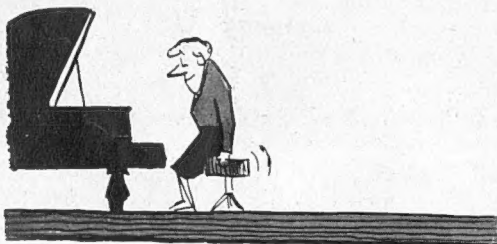
Alberts, 53 Beak Street, W.1 (GER 1296). C.S. Restaurants come and go, start well and finish badly, but year by year—for something over 25 years—Alberts has been consistently good. There are no frills on the décor; the money and care go into the cooking. The service is more than ordinarily friendly. W.B.

WINE NOTE

Several shippers have announced that they intend to ship a vintage wine of this year. They include Warre and Da Silva (Quinta do Noval). This is the first year since 1955 that any shipper has declared a vintage, but conditions were good in the Douro in 1958. Prices are likely to be about 190s. to 200s. per dozen, and the wines will be shipped and bottled in the coming weeks.

Shippers are hoping for good things from the 1960 crop, but it is too early to make any hard predictions. The 1945, 1947 and 1948 vintages are splendid, as I was reminded recently when I tried wines of these years shipped by Graham's. But one expert considers the 1945 wine backward and says the 1947 and 1950 should be drunk before it, and the 1948 after.

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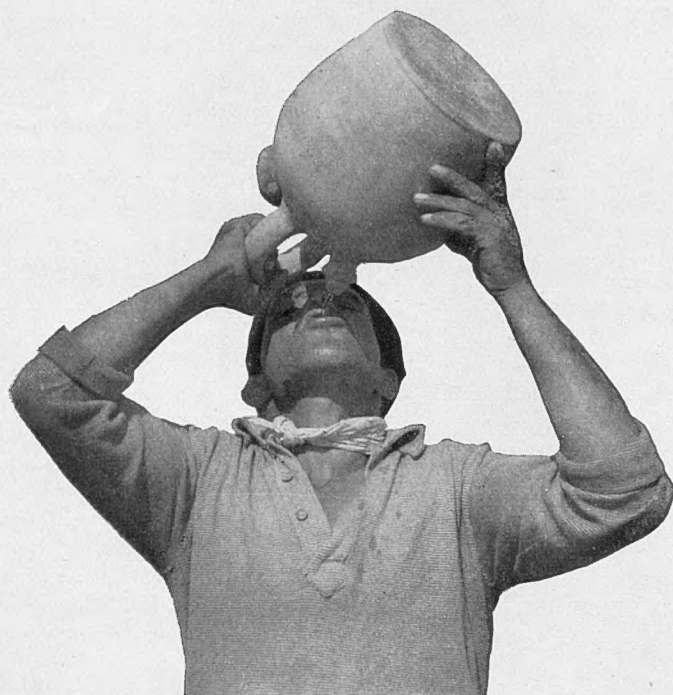
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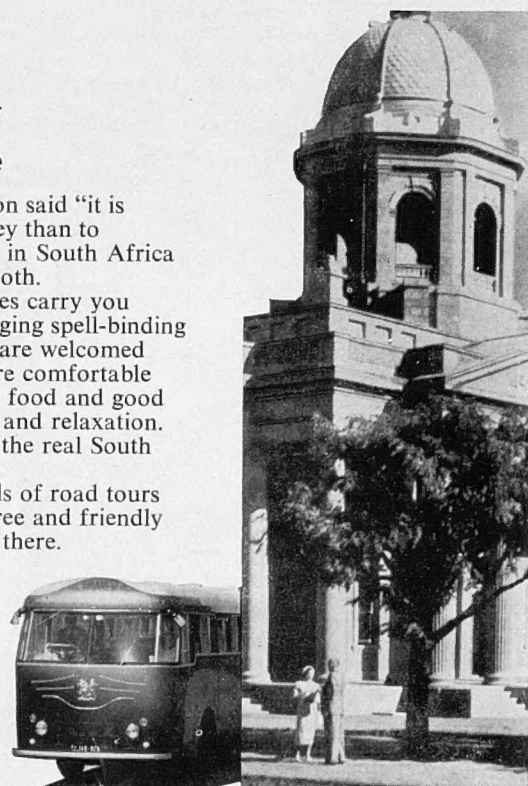
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GOING PLACES ABROAD

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MANOUG

Palmyra—majestic ruins in Syrian desert Oasis

The lures of Lebanon

LEBANON combines civilized amenities with wild, untrodden natural beauty in a manner to be found in few other places. The winter visitor for example can take a choice between ski-ing or swimming with the pleasant knowledge that the sea and the mountains are within an hour's drive of each other. Near Beirut are mountain towns such as Laklouk, whose new hotel the Shangri-La is lifting the place into the luxury bracket, and also Bhamdoun, near Mount Sanin. In Beirut sybaritic swimming can be had at the Excelsior's pool, the rocks of the Saint George or from the huge beaches that stretch to the south of the city (all with cafés).

Aside from these activities, one obviously wants to see Lebanon. Baalbek is the first and most obvious lure. Its associations are romantic enough. It was a halting place for those poetically eternal caravans which made for the Phoenician ports from Emesa and

Palmyra. Some legends attribute the building of Baalbek to giants, others to Nimrod who, in revolt against heaven, built there the tower of Babel. But in fact the Romans built the great temples whose Corinthian pillars, backed by the hills, make it one of the loveliest classical sites. Try to see it late in the afternoon, when the setting sun catches the temple of Bacchus with gold, and the light on the hills is pure illuminated rose. The sun goes down in seconds and a landscape that had been shades of terra-cotta is suddenly all sepia and violet. Baalbek is as much an essay in colour as it is in design, or in the statistics that the guides love to reel off about the weight and diameter of the stones that went to build it. To me, only incidentally is it a miracle of construction.

The country around Baalbek, bordering on the great Bekaa valley that extends south into Israel, has a tremendous, uncloistered grandeur of per-

spective. Agriculturally, as well as economically, Lebanon is richer than any of its neighbours. This is evident even on the road over the Syrian border into Damascus. Apocryphally or not, they say that no rain has fallen on the Syrian side for five years. Considering the fact that it is a man-made border, the difference is astonishing. The red soil of Lebanon and the fertility of the Bekaa valley one has left behind give way quickly to the barren, ochre-coloured stones of the desert. Black goats nibble by the roadside, and the only other signs of life are camel caravans (always led by a donkey because camels cannot remember the way), and Bedouin camps. It is interesting that, in this land of visa-stamping, the Bedouin still roam at will over the hillsides, a mile or two behind the frontier posts. Stateless, they are condemned to wander.

This Arab tradition of wandering is infectious. I longed to see Burgon's "rose-red city—half as old

as Time!"—Petra, in Jordan. It is a day and a half away by aeroplane, motor and mule. But Damascus is an easy day trip from Beirut. On the way back from Damascus or Baalbek are two pleasant stopping-places. The first is Zahle, with a clutch of seemingly communal cafés called the Casino lining either bank of a stream. In any one you can indulge in an interesting series of Arab *mezze*. It is a favourite summer evening haunt, cool and liquid. In winter, lunch there instead. Totally different but close by is Chitaura, with a super-modern hotel, the Park. Its Rotonde restaurant is warm and civilized, equally good for Arab or European food.



Byblos, just a few miles along the coast from Beirut, is traditionally the oldest continually inhabited town in the world, dating back to 3200 B.C. It was also important during the Crusades. The guides—among whom the Lebanese are an especially pedantic breed—will have you stumbling up and down the steep stone steps of the Crusader citadel and, very nearly, into some of the Phoenician wells. But to me the most endearing monument there is a perfect little string quartet of a temple, looking out over the sea. That, a tiny unspoiled fishing harbour and a glorious little 12th-century church linger in my memory more persuasively than anything else I saw in a country which piles one impact of beauty upon another until one is nearly drunk with it.

One can follow this coast road north to Tripoli before turning inland through the romantic Quadisha Gorge, lined with precarious cliff-side monasteries, on the way up to the Cedars. Alas, I never got that far. Besharre is the chief town of this, the most celebrated ski-ing area of the Lebanon. It has two good hotels (Mon Repos and the Grand), and a ski lift to take you up to the top. Snow conditions are a reasonable certainty from early January to late March. Another interest for the less sportif is the museum of the poet Kahil Gibran, with some of his paintings, drawings and original manuscripts. And, after all, the cedars themselves. Three thousand years old, from whose all-but-eternal wood solar boats and coffins were made for the First Dynasty Pharaohs of Egypt, and, later, Solomon's Palace.

Air fares to Beirut: £135 tourist return, M.E.A. and B.E.A.



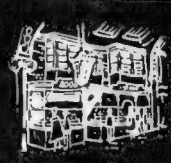
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THE TATLER 14 DECEMBER 1960



GROSVENOR

FIRST PARTY to be held in the U.S. Embassy was for London's Labour mayors. They gave Mr. & Mrs. Whitney the farewell gift she holds

SQUARE WEST

The wide-screen world of London's newest embassy

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALAN VINES

FIRST IMPRESSION inside is of an extraordinary luminosity—even the lifts have roofs of light. This is a ground-floor corridor





Washington on the table and the American arms on the glass partition suggest that this is a sanctum of some kind. It is—at the desk is the Ambassador's secretary, Mrs. Isabel Hill. She has been with Mr. Whitney 12 years, and will be leaving the Foreign Service with him

Open to the public daily is the library of the U.S. Information Service (right). It is as lavishly equipped as one would expect from the founders of "public relations." Through the windows can be glimpsed the Square

Late luncheon in the canteen. Some of the kitchen staff and others take a meal at the Charles Eames tables. Most of the furniture in the building was specially made by leading U.S. designers. The architect: Eero Saarinen



No fewer than eight language classes are conducted for the embassy staff. In session below: Intermediate French, tutored by Mme. Marie-Rose Jolly (in dark dress at right). A student's speech in French is being played back for criticism. Russian and Chinese are individually tutored





The first art exhibition in the new embassy, which has a permanent art gallery, was suitably modern: Cultural Officer Mr. Stephen P. Munsing (left) is seen hanging a Jackson Pollock (see Galleries, page 675)



GROSVENOR SQUARE WEST

continued

The first dance in the new embassy was a student affair, given in the canteen by the British end of the American Field Service student-exchange organization. A fashion show there was part of the evening

GROSVENOR
SQUARE
WEST



The embassy has its own theatre. First to speak from the stage was Mr. William L. Clark, Counsellor for Public Affairs, introducing a lecturer

First and last eye-catcher for visitors is the well-drilled fountain in the hall. A glance at the roof structure shows the source of some of the all-pervading lighting effect



SOCIAL NOTES

Here comes Christmas BY MURIEL BOWEN

LADY PAKENHAM has been telling me her plans this year for her own Christmas party. I asked her on the principle of actions speak louder, &c., for besides being the mother of eight and wife of the chairman of the National Bank she is also the author, with her daughters, of *The Pakenham Party Book*, a hilarious new guide to giving children's parties. She's going to have 16 for the family Christmas party at home in Sussex, and there'll be tiered seats in the TV room to give everybody a view. In the afternoon there'll be a family play, written and produced by Catherine, 14. Rather hush-hush at the moment, but Catherine has a yen for traditional themes which she likes to embellish in the grand manner. A red-robed Father Pakenham will distribute presents from his sack, as befits a bank chairman. And by way of a sideshow there'll be his son-in-law, the **Hon. Hugh Fraser**, Under-Secretary at the Colonial Office, whose 6 ft. 4 in. provide the younger children with the challenge of climbing on to his shoulders. "It's like scaling the side of a house," according to Lady Pakenham. "It keeps them occupied for a long time."

It will be the Pakenhams' biggest gathering yet, but numbers do not deter them. "When more of the children marry I intend having movable units in the garden so that everybody can still be put up," Lady Pakenham told me. They are a family of natural party-givers, and their party book reflects it. It's both entertaining and instructive. For instance, Judith (20 and an Oxford undergraduate) wades in with the nonchalance of Mr. K.: "*To invite too many mothers is an impediment . . .*" and she goes on to advise how to give your own child the prize if he happens to win it at his own party.

I was in a mood to appreciate the book because I had just been hearing from Mrs. **Charles Knight** about the party she gave at Herne Place, Sunningdale, with her daughter, **Lady Meyer**, for the Meyers' youngest child, five-year-old Tessa (*pictures overleaf*). In the middle of it all was **Sir Anthony Meyer**, coat off, sleeves rolled up, piling nippers on to a 55-ft. switchback in the Long Room. At intervals he was observed to slip out to the kitchen. He had gone to see how his mulled claret was getting along. It was *his* idea to serve it to parents coming in out of the cold evening to collect their offspring, and he made it himself. "He's got a marvellous recipe," Mrs. Knight said.

Next day there was another party, an impromptu one, when the grown-ups (led by Sir Anthony) tried out the switchback and the other sideshows. An admirable outlet for energies cooped up over conference

tables. Sir Anthony's job in the Foreign Office covers European Union negotiations.

At another children's party I went to, grandparents were having a lot of the fun, including **Lady Dorothy Macmillan**, who was still there ten minutes after the party was supposed to have finished. "I missed the Amerys' dancing performance this year, so they persuaded me to come along here instead," she told me.

The party, at Quaglino's (*pictures overleaf*), was a benefit for children in refugee camps. Enjoying it, and looking very proud that grandmother was present, were Caroline Amery, 9, Theresa, 6; and Leopold and Alexandra, the four-year-old twins. The Macmillans' daughter Catherine is the wife of Mr. **Julian Amery**, the Air Minister.

Lots of smart Nannies in their stiffly starched aprons. But it was the mums mostly who did the escorting. **Lady Anne Tennant** was there with Charles, 3; Mrs. **Stephen Potter** brought Luke, 4½; Mrs. **John Gomm** had her second daughter, Patricia (her elder daughter, Odile, is to have a coming-out at Lincoln's Inn next year).

Actor-manager Mr. **Brian Rix** brought Jamie and Louisa, as Mrs. Rix has just had her third baby. Amid all the noise of the party he got mixed up about the name of his new son—he told me it was Jeremy, then later remembered that it was Jonathan.

With that tiresome Pink Zone in force, many mothers dumped the children at the party and fathers on their way home from the office did the picking up. I saw Mr. **Colin Baillieu**, bowler clutched by his side, newspapers, umbrella and briefcase in the other hand, trying (unsuccessfully) to catch the eye of daughter Amanda whirling away in the middle of the floor.

The party was run by a large committee. **Viscountess Massereene & Ferrard** was president, and Mrs. **May Eden**, the chairman.

BAZAAR-TIME, TOO

The charity bazaars these days are as numerous before Christmas as the children's parties. **Lady Patricia Ramsay** opened one, in aid of the Soldiers', Sailors' & Airmen's Families Association, which was planned with genuine flair. **Lady Burbidge**, the fair's chairman, evidently has much of her husband's salesmanship know-how. But anyway **Sir Richard** (chairman of Harrods until last year's Fraser take-over, and now joint managing director) gave the biggest Christmas fair in town a thorough survey.

His wife told me, "He fairly went for us

CONTINUED ON PAGE 654



The Minister for Economic Affairs, Mr. Wilson T. M. Beale



The Deputy Personnel Officer, Miss Bernice M. Kelly



The Cultural Attaché, Dr. S. Everett Gleason, with visitor

The embassy's No. 2, Minister Walworth Barbour



Christmas



Lady Dorothy Macmillan (right) gave away the prizes for the Forces' Toymaking Competition. Her daughter, Mrs. Julian Amery, came to watch her children take part in the ballet display

appetizers for the



Watching the Punch & Judy. The party was given by the Children & Families World Community Chest to help those refugee families in Europe who receive nothing from UNO and other organizations

As it was at Quaglino's there had to be a cabaret, so Miss Violet Ballantine's pupils performed a ballet for children at this charity party. There was a Punch & Judy, too



Mrs. F. Granville (actress Maxine Audley) and Debby



Charles (three), son of the Hon. Colin & Lady Anne Tennant

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
TOM HUSTLER



The Hon. Rachel Eden, 18-month-old daughter of Lord & Lady Auckland, had to get a bit nearer the Punch & Judy

under-tens

This one was at Mrs. Charles Knight's house at Sunningdale, where room was found to set up a virtual fairground, with slide, see-saw, rocking-horse, roundabout and switchback



Tessa Meyer (five), waits for her guests. Her mother and grandmother, Lady (Anthony) Meyer and Mrs. Charles Knight, gave the party for her

Sir Anthony Meyer & Mr. Lennox Money stand by as Din Saxby, Mary Ann Reeves, Christine Musselbrook & Clare Boxall have their tea



Tea for the children was at candlelit tables. Later the parents recovered with mulled claret

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
BARRY SWAEBE



Ariane Berthoin, whose father is at the French Embassy



Amabel, daughter of Lt.-Cdr. George & the Hon. Mrs. Marten

Christmas Carousel

Brisk trading at the stalls of the Carousel Fair in Londonderry House helped the funds of S.S.A.F.A.

Lady Burbidge, chairman of the committee, with Lady Patricia Ramsay, who opened the Carousel



Miss Alison Deuchar and Mrs. J. England presided over a rich display of wines and spirits

PHOTOGRAPHS: TOM HUSSLER

Right: The Hon. Mrs. Tom Brassey & the Hon. Mrs. David Brassey helped the Dowager Duchess of Richmond & Gordon on a new stall, for game



Miss Rosalind Smalley buying cosmetics from Lady Campbell, wife of S.S.A.F.A.'s vice-chairman

The Hon. Mrs. Adeane, mother of Sir Michael Adeane, who is Private Secretary to the Queen



Muriel Bowen CONTINUED

over prices. He said that we hadn't priced things expensively enough" (pictures alongside).

Mrs. Seary-Mercer, Mrs. Alan Garrett, Lady Dickson, Mrs. Alexander Gordon-Lennox, and Miss Alison Deuchar were all roped in to help. The Dowager Duchess of Richmond & Gordon packed her stall with pheasant, grouse and wild duck contributed by friends.

Lady Festing had an absolutely super bric-à-brac stall which made about £180. Bits of china and glass were snapped up as quickly as the helpers could hand them out. "I badgered all my friends for the stuff," Lady Festing told me.

I went back to Londonderry House again for a fair organized as a benefit for the Greater London Fund for the Blind. The chairman was Lady De la Bere, a great personality and much loved Lady Mayoress during Coronation Year. The fair was opened by the present Lady Mayoress, the Hon. Lady Waley-Cohen.

"Little things like labels are very important," Mrs. R. H. Hyde-Thomson, one of the vice-chairmen, told me. "Years ago we labelled our Christmas puddings 'Grandmother Goldin-Bird's Christmas Pudding' (made from an old recipe belonging to my husband's great-grandmother). Now they won't touch any Christmas pudding that hasn't the Grandmother Goldin-Bird label."

The Ulster stall of Mrs. Patricia McLaughlin, M.P., did a huge trade in Irish linen, and she too had some ideas on salesmanship. "It's no use pouncing on a man when he stops to have a look," she told me. "That just frightens him. You must encourage him gently." Evidently she did, for Mrs. McLaughlin's was the first of the 35 stalls to sell out.

Mrs. E. A. Rees-Davies, Lady Hélène Berry, Mrs. George Ritchie, Mme. A. Thierry, Lady Georgina Coleridge, and Lady Fyle were all doing their bit. Lady Elliott of Stobs, beautiful blonde sister of Lady Carrington, who was in command of the three country produce stalls, was full of admiration for her helpers. "Mrs. Richard Eyre came from Dorset with a van full of game, eggs and all sorts of things, and many others came a long way," she told me.

Nothing to do with Christmas, but the Liberals give some of the best parties I've ever been to, so it's only fair to mention that their next, the Liberal Ball, occurs at Grosvenor House tomorrow. I went to a cocktail party at the Charles Street home of the Marchioness of Crewe, to hear about the plans. Mrs. Frank Byers ("from a by-election to a ball is a very long way") is this year's chairman. Mrs. George Hensher will run the tombola, at which she has had such success. "The late Lady Mountbatten used to call me the Empress of Tombola," she told me. The ball is being run by the Liberal Social Council.

Christmas Crackers

More stalls at the Christmas Cracker bazaar in Chelsea Town Hall raised money for youth clubs

The Hon. Emily Astor (four) buying from the Hon. Mrs. John Baring



Lady Jean Mackenzie selling a cake to pearly queens Mrs. P. Merriott and Mrs. M. Morris



Miss Anne Mostyn-Owen (left) serving a customer at her mother's Christmas decorations counter



Miss Lucinda Roberts, sister of the Countess of Erne, was another helper on the jewellery stall

Mrs. Sarah Gilmour and the Hon. Mrs. David Knollys arranging the jewellery

The Hon. Mrs. Robin Warrender, chairman of the bazaar which is held annually

ALDWYCH ALL CHANGE

656 THE TATLER & Bystander 14 December 1960

a theatrical phenomenon examined by RICHARD FINDLATER

FOR MILLIONS OF ENGLISH-SPEAKING ELDERS AT HOME AND ABROAD THE Aldwych Theatre—which tomorrow becomes the London home of Stratford's Shakespeare Memorial Theatre—is still haunted by the ritual debagging of Mr. Robertson Hare, and the beloved idiocies of his colleagues in a timeless triumvirate, Mr. Tom Walls and Mr. Ralph Lynn. From the autumn of 1922—when *Tons of Money* transferred from the Shaftesbury—until *A Bit of a Test* in 1933 they were a theatrical institution at the Aldwych. That twelve-year span was the only period in its chequered history when the Aldwych enjoyed a consistent policy, though since its Christmas opening in 1905 (with Sir Seymour Hicks in *Bluebell in Fairyland*) it has housed hits as diverse as *The Girl Who Took The Wrong Turning*, *Watch on the Rhine* and *Watch It, Sailor!* the biggest of all its successes.

Now the Aldwych has a policy again—but of a rather different kind. It will present for the next three years at least, old and new “classics” in repertory, entering a field hitherto monopolized by the Old Vic. Man behind this bold new venture is Peter Hall, who took control at Stratford earlier this year—on the condition, it is whispered, that he could open a West End branch later on. Backed by the reputation and resources of the Memorial Theatre, Britain's best-equipped playhouse, and helped by a special Gulbenkian grant, Mr. Hall plans to build up a team of players, held together under a new kind of long-term contract. They will provide the ensemble acting London never sees in the plays it ought to see.

For his first five Aldwych productions, Peter Hall has made an exciting and significant choice. After John Webster's *The Duchess of Malfi*,

which opens the season on 15 December, he will stage *Twelfth Night*, Jean Giraudoux's *Ondine*, Anouilh's *Becket*, and a new play by John Whiting called *The Devils*, commissioned by Peter Hall and based on Aldous Huxley's book *The Devils of Loudun*. The fact that all these plays are costume pieces should make it easier in this inaugural season for the Stratford-Aldwych team of actors to bridge the familiar gap between Shakespeare and the Rest, moving freely from fancy to modern dress, from declamation to conversation, from verse to prose. The Aldwych team is headed by the incomparable Dame Peggy Ashcroft, and is further strengthened by that versatile veteran, Max Adrian. It includes also a brilliant cluster of young players such as Dorothy Tutin, Geraldine McEwan, Leslie Caron (Mrs. Peter Hall), Richard Johnson, Patrick Wymark, Eric Porter, Peter O'Toole and his wife, Sian Phillips.

Around a nucleus of 35 players, Mr. Hall will develop two companies—one working at Stratford from April to November in an all-Shakespearean season, the other working in London all year round in a repertoire of plays ancient and modern. Later he intends to tour the main provincial towns. All this spells something of a revolution in the English theatre, dominated as it is by the long-run system, though it comes close to the kind of theatrical organization long established across the Channel. Does it all seem a far-fetched, Utopian plan? Consider, then, that so practical a man as Prince Littler has assured Peter Hall of a London home for five years, and that over a month before the new venture opened one seat in four for three years was bought by Britain's biggest ticket agency in a £250,000 deal. It looks as if the spectres of *Twark* and *Rookery Nook* are going to be banished for good from their old home.

The writer was Ben Travers, the play was *Rookery Nook*. The cast (from left) were Winifred Shotter, Griffith Humphreys, Tom Walls, Ralph Lynn, Stella Bonheur, Robertson Hare, Ethel Coleridge, Vera Gerald, Sydney Lynn, Mary Brough, Ena Mason. The year was 1926, vintage for farce

The writer was the Elizabethan, John Webster, the play is *The Duchess Of Malfi*. The cast includes Dame Peggy Ashcroft (opposite) in the title rôle, with Eric Porter as Ferdinand. The tragedy, last seen in London 15 years ago, inaugurates tomorrow night the new policy at the Aldwych







EGYPT

the erasure of the Raj



described and photographed by CYNTHIA ELLIS

The tired old lion that ignored the unseemly uproar when the British marched out of Kasr el Nil barracks (opposite) now outstares Cairo's new Nile Hilton

THE FORWARD SYMBOLS of change are everywhere. The old Kasr el Nil barracks that once housed the British Army have been pulled down to make room for the Nile Hilton Hotel and a *corniche* that is the pride of Cairo. The townspeople, who wear trousers and shirt for the day's work, stroll in their comfortable evening *galabiyas* along a river front that has been sliced from the garden of the British Embassy. Victoria College, that monument to the public school system, has changed its *ia* for a *y*—a deft example of the ease with which etymology serves purpose.

Barclays Bank has become the Bank of Alexandria. But though the bankers remain, the pashas have gone—the titles *pasha* and *bey* have been forbidden. So the Egyptian, who likes to have a title with which to butter up his betters, has invented a new one to meet all occasions. He now calls top people *Ustaz*, or Doctor, a sign of the prevalent mood.

Blocks of flats and workers' housing go up in planned rows (with Egyptian capital) and Krupps have built a new bridge over the Nile. With its face to the gracious residential suburbs and its back to the Citadel and the swarming alleys of old Cairo, a 40-storey skyscraper stands self-consciously head and shoulders above everything else. And the Cairene middle classes now watch television as avidly as those of Thames Ditton.

Cairo is still many more cities than one. From the time of Saladin, her successive rulers have built side by side instead of one on top of the other, and so now instead of only a flavour of Copts and Fatimids you

have whole straggling cities of them still living cheek by jowl. Surrounding them, and almost indistinguishable from them, are the three Cities of the Dead, where coffins linger in eternity behind doors. The shades in the spectrum of life and death are not strongly marked.

Beggars have gone from the streets of the modern town, or have otherwise adopted the thin disguise of selling combs or chewing gum. Now and then they say you can see an exasperated policeman collecting small urchins in a lorry and carting them back home to the less salubrious quarters. But mostly the pavements, with their outcrops of coffee-bar architecture, are uncluttered by hawkers, and the kerbside newspaper kiosks and unobtrusive boutiques called *Fleurs du Printemps* and *Paradis des Fruits* are only a sign that the more national a country becomes, the more international it finishes.

Shepherds Hotel was the climax of the career of one of those adventuring Englishmen of the cabinboy-to-millionaire tradition. To Egyptians it was the symbol of British Egypt, and so they burnt it to the ground in the bitter riots of Black Saturday, in January, 1952. New Sheppard's is a phoenix in arabesque-modern. Though it has lost its *cachet*, and is out-aluminiumed by the American Nile Hilton, you still get the feeling that a title would receive tactful recognition there and possibly a better suite. In the Hilton on the other hand, the exquisite receptionists treat fancy-goods salesmen and exiled royalty to the same icy smile; a warmer effect is given by the quadruplet liftgirls dressed as

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

EGYPT *the erasure of the Raj* CONTINUED



THE RIVER, which the Ancients worshipped, remains the source of hope for Nasser's new nation, bringing with it from the dark depths of Africa fertility for the land and the promise of power for the new factories

NEW ORDER AND OLD, suggested in two faces. The man is a Russian, one of the engineers imported to build the High Dam at Aswan, a project on which the Soviets seem to be dragging their feet. The woman (opposite) represents the unchanging Egyptian masses, ridden with bilharzia

Pharaoh's daughters. Is there something ill-omened about the confusion of cultures that produces a menu containing "Ibis Cold Platter" and an item called "Sakkara Sundae," subtitled: "Tall Tempting Pyramid of Many-Flavoured Ice Cream"?

While all this top-level metamorphosis works itself out, while it is now the Egyptian officers who play polo at the nationalized Gazira Sporting Club, and old Groppi's garden teahouse in Adly Street is largely deserted for a new air-conditioned branch in Suleiman Square, the life of the bottom nine-tenths of the social pyramid, in Cairo and outside, is largely unaffected by 1960. New schools, co-operatives, agrarian reform and a hopeful system of parliamentary representation are gestures of honest government, but the burden of life in Egypt is too



heavy to shift easily. An archaeologist I met over coffee at Ippas, presumably soured by a lifetime unearthing bones, said that Egypt is a ditch in which men spend their lives digging their own graves. This may be hyperbole, but there is something undeniably oppressive about a country where to sit down you must choose between the flaming desert and someone else's intensively cultivated radish-patch.

Cairo, the top-heavy head of an undernourished body, is polyglot and teeming with fierce unexplained conflicts. One wonders how any British administration, even military, succeeded in riding such a surf. The average Egyptian has probably come away from the encounter more forgiving than the average Englishman. Nonetheless, Egypt is an uphill intellectual exercise for the visitor. Turkish coffee and politics go together relentlessly, and pyramids and museums are no more than frivolous distractions. Wherever you sit, whomever you meet and whatever innocent topic you set out to discuss, within minutes you are back on the rack of Israel, the Aggression and Arab unity. The discussion is usually friendly, because the Egyptian does you the honour of

TEA AT GROPPi's, once a social must under the British, seems a long time ago. The trees are full of small grey doves but often the tables (left) are empty

SHEPHEARDS HOTEL (right), like so much else, is still there but not quite the same. The first picture shows how it used to be, the second how it looked after the burning, and the third the remodelled citizen—old name, new connotations



assuming it logically in advance that you wouldn't be there at all unless you were on this side. But the end result is unsettling: whatever healthy doubts you may have arrived with, you can hardly help leaving with a list toward at least some of the ideals of the overworked and idolized ex-Colonel.

The British soldier has had to carry the brunt of 80 years of unhappy Anglo-Egyptian relations. If he went back as a tourist (but wild camels wouldn't drag him there) he would certainly be surprised by the courtesy of his welcome; and a bitter memory of Canal Zone barbed wire, petty thieves, and Ismailia red-light streets might be exchanged—if he kept to the tourist beat—for a new one of inexpensive clean hotels, fresh fruit bars and conducted tours.



A WELFARE STATE struggles to emerge. Combined units for school, community centre, playgrounds and clinic are being built along the Nile



LORD KILBRACKEN

On being left to one's own devices

"How lucky you are! What a wonderful life you lead!" I don't know how many times people have said that to me

Usually it happens when I'm just back from a fortnight's assignment in Moscow, or a month of American lectures, or a quick trip to Italy, or Helsinki, or Prague. They are tied down (or their husbands are) to a desk in E.C.1, with just three weeks each year to "get away"; while I, they imagine, when not actually chasing international spies along the Costa Brava, sit ensconced at Killegar in ancestral comfort and splendour. It's a pity to shatter such a pleasing illusion, but there are one or two misconceptions I'd like to point out. Firstly, I'm not *lucky*; luck, if it exists at all, has nothing to do with it, because a life of movement is what I consciously chose for myself.

I was nearing the end of my two post-war years at Balliol before it occurred to me that I ought to start thinking about a job. It happened that I was recommended by my generous tutor for what was potentially a good one: junior executive, with outstandingly good "prospects," in the City office of a shipping company. I borrowed a stiff collar and dark suit, and went off for an interview.

It seemed to be a success; my potential boss, finally, looked me up and down approvingly. "There's just one little matter I'd like to make clear," he then said. "If I offer you this position, and if you accept it, you must realize in advance that you will be sitting in that chair"—and he indicated an empty one at a large desk in his office—"eight hours a day, five days a week, 49 weeks a year, for the next 35 or 40 years. Will you think it over?"

When he put it like that, I didn't *have* to think it over; I just *knew* it wouldn't be possible, and I forthwith abandoned any thought of being static. I toyed with the Foreign Service, and actually sat and passed their

entry examination; but that, too, would have meant a boss and office hours, even though they might have been in Paris or Zanzibar or Isfahan. The only way to avoid stagnation, or so it seemed, was for me to learn to write well enough to be able to live my own life and pay for it out of the proceeds. So, when a newspaper surprisingly and fortuitously offered me a job as cub reporter (at 10 guineas a week), I turned down the Foreign Office. I went instead to the *Daily Mirror*.

Three years and two newspapers later, I convinced myself that I'd acquired enough experience to break away on my own, and I've been on my own ever since. And this, O bowler-hatted civil servant, is where the crux of the matter comes: exactly how wonderful is it to be, strictly, on one's own?

Do not imagine, please, that I regret my choice; I value individual liberty above all else, and I know, anyway, that I just couldn't live as you live (no offence) with that daily trip to and from the Ministry, and a boss, however eminent, from 10 to 6. But, I admit, you have some compensations. You get paid regularly and know how much you'll get. (As it happens, this would drive me mad—to know how much I'll earn, not only this year, but next year, in 10 years' time, for all eternity.) But every week, or every month, your cheque awaits you; its spending can be safely planned in advance (and usually is). Nothing like that for me!

Then, you know what work is expected of you; it falls within some definite framework, while mine is nebulous, and only exists in my head, and I never really know how much I expect of *myself*. And there are *pros* as well as *cons* in your regular hours, however much they may sometimes rankle: I would find it impossible to start work on the dot at 10 a.m. each day; but you at least, when you quit at 6,

may often have no work to bother your conscience till the next day's round begins. There is always something that I feel I might be doing.

Of course, there is always the possibility of the sack (though hardly in the Civil Service). As my own employer, I have promised that I will never sack myself, which is my one advantage in the field of security. It is shared, strange to say, by all the self-employed: the dentists, the barristers, the doctors, the majority shareholders, the owners of one-man-shows from the largest property speculator to the smallest vendor of chestnuts. The doctors and dentists, moreover, build up practices, and people go on getting sick or getting toothache; real estate, besides, goes on being real, and people start buying ice cream when roast chestnuts are out of season. Writers—along with actors, painters, musicians, confidence tricksters, and even, as a final example, politicians—have become inured to perpetual ups and downs: temporary affluence and evanescent fame, alternating unpredictably with sudden failure, penury and a sojourn in the wilderness.

These, as may be imagined, tend to detract from the "wonderful" life we lead. Anyway, it isn't a question of wonderfulness, but of the personal instinct and nature which sets one man looking for security and all that it implies, and another man for variety, and risk, and personal freedom. (Lord Nuffield, I feel, could never have been a civil servant; Lord Salisbury, I know, could never have been an indigent musician.)

Above all, we're gamblers, and that, I think, is the deciding factor. I've been a gambler since I backed my first horse, The Masher, at Brighton when I was nine. Come to think of it, if The Masher had finished second, and I'd lost my initial bob, I might now be midway through my second decade in that office chair in the City. Never realized before what a fateful afternoon that was, and how much was at stake!



LADIES IN RETIREMENT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID OLINS

The bustle may have gone for good (can anyone be certain?) but in nightwear at least there's a return to the frills that grand-mamma favoured. Though the treatment's crisper and the fabrics are new, she'd approve the thought behind these modern styles pictured in authentic Victorian settings at Scotney Castle, Kent

Negligée with a delicate air is of white spotted nylon organza edged with gossamer frilling and lined throughout with opaque white nylon. Surprisingly it is easily washable. From the Hardy Amies Boutique, 14 Savile Row, W.1, price: 30 gns. Pink satin mules trimmed with appliquéd Swiss organza made by Bally are at Russell & Bromley, Bond Street and Knightsbridge: price 6 gns. Fourposter bed and ornate wallpaper date from the building of Scotney in 1837—the year of Queen Victoria's accession —by an ancestor of the present owner, Mr. Christopher Hussey

P

ractical but elegant as the teagowns of the Edwardian era, the house robe (alongside) of rich oyster satin is appropriate for country house wear. It buttons down the front to the hem and the nipped-in waistline flows into the loose back, falling in great folds from the shoulders. The bodice is enriched by hand-appliquéd lace. From Liberty, Regent Street, W.1, price: 45 gns. Cream grosgrain slippers trimmed with velvet from Charles Jourdan, Old Bond Street, W.1, price: 2½ gns. Below: On a Victorian chaise longue a 20th-century nightdress of 15-denier double layer cyclamen nylon. The high waistline is outlined with lace and slotted through with toning ribbon. The matching negligée has a lavish lace-trimmed yoke and cuffs. The two-piece by Gossip can be bought at Dickins & Jones, Regent St., W.1; also obtainable from James Hoxwell, Cardiff; Handleys, Southsea. The nightdress costs 5 gns., and the negligée £6 19s. 6d.





LADIES IN RETIREMENT *continued*



W

ashable and easily dried, the housecoat (alongside) designed by Angela Gore shows a strong Victorian influence in the deep fichu neckline and gathered sleeves. It is made in white nylon lace discreetly lined with opaque white nylon and tied at the waist with a broad sash of porcelain blue satin. From Woollands, S.W.1; Jenners, Edinburgh; Rackhams, Birmingham, price: 19 gns. Pink satin mules covered with Swiss embroidered organza by Bally at Russell & Bromley, New Bond Street, W.1, and Knightsbridge, price: 6 gns. Above: Pale rose nylon nightdress by Taylor Woods seen in front of a Victorian scrap-work screen has a nylon lace bodice and shoulder straps, with a tie at the back to nip in the waistline. Fitted bodices have returned to favour in night wear for the excellent reason that most women look better in them. From John Barker, Kensington, W.8; Barbour's, Dumfries; Medhurst, Bromley. The price is £3 9s. 6d.

R

omantic motifs of love birds, bows and flowers appliquéd in satin and lace on the nylon of Kayser Bondor's forget-me-not blue nightdress and negligée are in tune with a background of flowered wallpaper at Scotney Castle. The negligée with its frilled cuffs and high-tying Peter Pan collar is lined with a double layer of nylon. Obtainable also in black, red or almond, the two-piece can be bought at Bradleys, Knightsbridge, S.W.1; Halls, Brighton; Affleck & Brown, Manchester. The negligée costs 6 gns., and the nightdress 4 gns.

LADIES IN RETIREMENT

CONTINUED

B

ackground of a fine mahogany Victorian canopy bed hung with period terracotta and white floral chintzes sets off a modern 19th century-inspired red flannel dressing gown and a jacket of fine Shetland wool lace lined with powder blue chiffon and trimmed with feather-light swansdown. The dressing gown, yoked and cuffed with coarse white lace, comes from the Hardy Amies Boutique, 14 Savile Row, W.1, price: 10 gns. (also in pale blue and white). The bed jacket is on sale at Liberty's, Regent Street, W.1, price: £9 5s. 6d.





LADIES IN RETIREMENT *continued*

Moonlight through a window or lamplight in a hallway would flatter the shade of wine red velvet used (opposite) for a full-length housecoat. It's a colour the Victorians would approve, so it's at home in the surroundings of a 19th-century mansion. The skirt is stiffened to maintain a constant silhouette and the broad velvet sash has an outsize velvet rose at the fastening as a sentimental touch. The coat is made by Estrava and obtainable from Barnett-Hutton, Oxford Street, W.1, price: 18 gns. Red satin bow-trimmed mules from the John Cavanagh Boutique, Curzon Street, W.1, 6 gns.

Uge fourposter made for Scotney Castle when the mansion was built in 1837 displays night wear made in 1960. The pyjamas are in fluffy brushed pink nylon trimmed with matching satin revers and cuffs. The top is made tunic-wise without fastenings, the legs are three-quarter length. With the pyjamas goes a companion housecoat also trimmed with satin. Made by Gossip and on sale at Swan & Edgar, Piccadilly, W.1; Schofields, Leeds; Kendal Milne, Manchester. The pyjamas cost £3 19s. 11d., the housecoat £5 15s. 6d. Checked flatties from the John Cavanagh Boutique, 3 gns.



Bridesmaids: Miss Victoria Cannon, Miss Barbara Bower, Miss Victoria Porter, Miss Sally Ford (who is the bride's step-sister), Miss Ann-Davina Alderton, and Miss Susan Lindsay



AUTUMN'S PRETTIEST WEDDING

when Miss Tessa Milne was married to Mr. Noel Cunningham-Reid at St. Margaret's, Westminster

PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL

A beautiful bride in a dream of a white satin dress is the memory that will linger longest of the wedding of Miss Tessa Milne to Mr. Noel Cunningham-Reid. She's the daughter of Mr. Denis Moore & Mrs. Neville Ford, and he is the son of Capt. A. S. Cunningham-Reid & Mary Lady Delamere. At the reception at the Hyde Park Hotel Mr. Cunningham-Reid produced a bridegroom's speech of rare excellence in which he referred to the wedding presents stolen from his wife's car: "If you don't get a letter of thanks within the next six years. . . ." The rest of the sentence was flooded in laughter. Admiral of the Fleet Earl Mountbatten of Burma, a very busy man, arrived, embraced the bride and his sister-in-law, Mary Lady Delamere, and then beetled off.

There was a profusion of pretty hats. Lady Angela Oswald (daughter of the Marquess of Exeter) had a high one in two tones of velvet, and Mrs. Gerry Reynolds-Albertini a pretty one in black straw. So many guests, it took 100 minutes to receive them. Those queuing on the stairs looked tantalized as they heard the clatter of conversation and the clink of glass from the reception room. Mr. Nigel Fisher, M.P., orange carnation in his buttonhole, looked anxiously at his watch. Countess St. Aldwyn queued for a while, then nipped through a side door. She was as popular as the man in the hunting field who finds the bit of fence without wire when hounds are running well. At least 20 people must have followed her.

Muriel Bowen

The bride and groom (right) receive their guests at the Hyde Park Hotel



Mary Lady Delamere, the bridegroom's mother

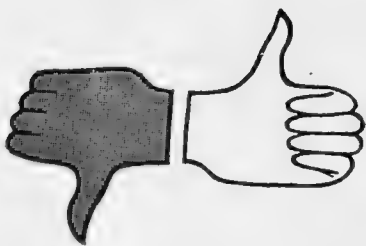


Lady Pamela Hicks, a cousin of the groom (their mothers were sisters), and her husband, Mr. David Hicks



Mr. Tommy Sopwith, the Countess of Brecknock and her son the Earl of Brecknock, who was the best man





VERDICTS

The play

Trials By Logue. Royal Court Theatre. (Mary Ure, George Rose, Peter Fraser, Zoe Caldwell.)

The films

Under Ten Flags. Director Duilio Coletti. (Van Heflin, Charles Laughton, Mylene Demongeot, Eleanora Rossi Drago, Liam Redmond.)

Tunes Of Glory. Director Ronald Neame. (Alec Guinness, John Mills, Dennis Price, John Fraser, Kay Walsh.)

The Three Worlds Of Gulliver. Directed by Jack Sher. (Kerwin Mathews, June Thorburn, Gregoire Aslan.)

The books

Five Out Of Six, by Lady Violet Powell. (Heinemann, 18s.)

The Importance Of Wearing Clothes, by Lawrence Langner. (Constable, 35s.)

The Small-Sword In England, by J. D. Aylward. (Hutchinson, 50s.)

The Cheeses Of Old England, by Shelagh Fraser. (Abelard Schman, 12s. 6d.)

40 Best Stories From Mademoiselle. (Gollancz, 21s.)

Black Maria, by Charles Addams. (Hamish Hamilton, 21s.)

Nuncle, by John Wain. (Macmillan, 16s.)

Sundays, by Daisy Fellowes. (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 16s.)

Pistols For Two, by Georgette Heyer. (Heinemann, 5s.)

Love Under Fire, by Barbara Cartland. (Hutchinson, 13s. 6d.)

The records

In Person, & The Genius Hits The Road, by Ray Charles.

Let No Man Write My Epitaph, & Ella Wishes You A Swinging Christmas, by Ella Fitzgerald.

The Fabulous Josephine Baker.

Swing Easy, by Frank Sinatra.

I've Got The World On A String, & My Good Old Ones, by Louis Armstrong.

Songs Of The Bad Old Days, by Pearl Bailey.

The galleries

Book review: **Jackson Pollock,** by Bryan Robertson.

ANTHONY COOKMAN ON

THEATRE

Mr. Logue and the immortal dissenter

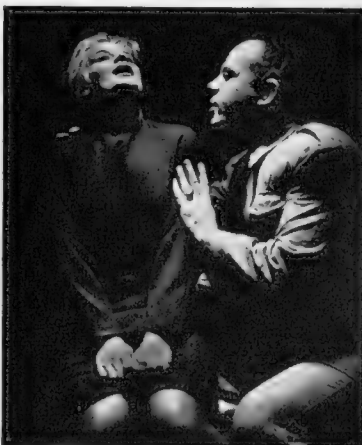
ANTIGONE IS THE GIRL WHO SAYS "No!" She says it fearlessly and implacably to all the arguments that are commonly used to justify the ways of governments, good or bad, with man. She rests on her belief that man-made laws are transcended by the unrecorded immutable laws of God. Her idealism is absolute and hard to interpret, and of all classical heroines she is perhaps for that reason the most in favour with modern dramatists who have political axes to grind.

She serves them equally well to challenge the pretensions of reactionary state, or to prove the strength of a revolutionary one. Through her M. Anouilh, during the German occupation of France, conveyed to French audiences a telling hint that they were under no moral necessity to obey an alien government ruling by right of conquest. She reappears in a couple of plays presented in a double bill at the Royal Court Theatre as *Trials By Logue*. Here Mr. Christopher Logue boldly risks causing some intellectual confusion by matching the immortal dissenter first against a revolutionary dictator of whom he seemingly approves, and then against a bourgeoisie court of law of whose prudery he plainly disapproves.

It is of course our own fault if we come to the Royal Court naively supposing that in this particular theatre Antigone will have the dramatist on her side when she comes to plead that all compromise is identical with corruption. But some will certainly make this assumption and will be a little puzzled when they find that it is not working. Mr. Logue faces Antigone with a black-shirted commissar.

He is surrounded by iron-masked guards whom he promptly uses to murder unexpectedly a sentry whose only crime is to confess himself a soldier of fortune and not, therefore, to be trusted implicitly. He has seen Antigone trying to cut down the body of her brother in order that she may give it honourable burial, and to have seen so much seals the sentry's doom.

Creon is leaving nothing to chance, and Mr. George Rose plays him with all imaginable toughness. Having tried to reason Antigone out of her defiance Creon places her under a hanging lamp that is at one point brought low enough to resemble a gigantic hair drier. He grills her till



DOUGLAS JEFFERY

THE TWO FACES OF MISS URE. Top: As the park prankster in *Cob & Leach*, with her partner in illicit merrymaking (Peter Fraser). Above: In *Antigone* she resists the fierce interrogation of the tyrant Creon (George Rose) who has killed her brother. From *Trials By Logue*

she screams, and Miss Mary Ure achieves a highly memorable scream. But as the play proceeds we cannot help noticing that this brusque and ruthless ruler is having all the best of the argument.

He makes out his case that the brother Antigone claims the right to honour in death was in fact a traitor who led an alien army into his own country to help him in the civil war which he had started. If he is given the same decent burial as his loyalist brother what will the people think? It is highly important to consider what people will think if one is charged with the task of governing them and aims to re-establish after a brutal civil war a state based on principles of law and order.

To all these formidable arguments Antigone reiterates her simple "No!" Creon's laws are founded on expediency and compromise and bound inevitably to lead to corruption. Her refusal to obey him has the authority of a higher power and her crime will be holy. But the impression I get is that Mr. Logue, through trying to achieve the delicate balance of Sophocles's original conduct of the famous argument, succeeds only in reducing the spiritual force of Antigone's case to something like a piece of feminine sentimentality and obstinacy. Miss Ure encourages this impression by giving us an Antigone made of cast-iron rather than of steel, and when at the end Creon refuses to make a martyr of the fanatical girl and banishes her, instead of having her walled up alive, we are left with the conviction that since Creon is a revolutionary and not a reactionary leader his arguments must be held valid.

Mr. Logue's second piece, *Cob & Leach*, is intended to be an uproarious parody on the Antigone theme. A sturdy Scots lass, charged with indecent behaviour in a public place, refuses to imitate the example of her partner in crime and to plead guilty. Miss Ure is excellent as the rumbustious prisoner and Mr. Rose is amusing as a smug magistrate, but the piece for all its ribald lyrics and pantomime frolic lures, and prying spinsters and general subversiveness is so thick with crudities that it would hardly earn its keep in an average revue.

ELSPETH GRANT ON

CINEMA

I've had enough
of these haloes

IN CONSEQUENCE OF HAVING SAT through *I Aim At The Stars* and, more recently, *Under Ten Flags*, I find myself exclaiming with Mr. Peter Sellers "Well, goodness-gracious me!" Have I been deceived about the Germans all these years? It would seem so. Were there ever any enthusiastic Nazis—apart from those in Hitler's immediate entourage? Apparently not.

There were just people like Dr. Werner von Braun, a devilish decent chap who only provided Hitler with the V-2 because otherwise he would not have been able to continue his space rocket experiments—and Captain (now Admiral) Bernhard Rogge, a great guy who strongly disapproved of Nazism but felt impelled to sink 150,000 tons of Allied shipping because he was, after all, a German naval officer.

Mr. Von Hellin and his director, Signor D. Lio Coletti, have made a sort of benign father figure of Captain Rogge—who is called Captain Reger in the film. He commands the *Atlantis*, a heavily armed German raider disguised as a merchantman—and he flies any neutral flag that comes handy so that he can sneak up on unsuspecting vessels and sink 'em before they realize what's happening.

This might seem a trifle unsporting—but Captain Reger makes amends by rescuing every soul he can from the doomed ships. He treats his prisoners like a perfect host, provides them all with life-jackets (indeed, Mylene Demongeot ungratefully complains that hers is too tight), and sees that they are well fed. He is kind to dogs and even to Jews—so no wonder he is adored by his (at first reluctant) guests.

The exploits of the *Atlantis* are a pain in the neck to bumbling British Admiral Russell as whom Mr. Charles Laughton, registering bafflement, barges about the Admiralty like an enraged rhinoceros. It takes him close on two years to track down the raider—and then he only succeeds because a gallant Texan lieutenant has managed to pinch Reger's secret chart-code from the Nazi naval headquarters in Paris. (We would obviously never have got anywhere without American help.)

A British cruiser is dispatched to sink the *Atlantis*. Reger, realizing the game is nearly up, transfers his prisoners to a captured Norwegian

ship—and as they sail away to some neutral port (singing, believe it or not, *The Bonnie, Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomond*) they bless the humanitarian German captain. The *Atlantis* is duly sunk and the beastly British make no attempt to pick up survivors—but, thank goodness, there's a Nazi submarine nearby to pick up Reger and his crew.

I do not deny that there were good Germans even in Hitler's day (mostly, of course, in concentration camps), but I cannot accept as admirable the men who tacitly supported his atrocities by helping to fight his war—and I am heartily sick of seeing Hollywood handing out haloes to them.

Mr. Ronald Neame's expert direction and the persuasive performances of a fine cast lend distinction to *Tunes Of Glory*—but I found this story of peacetime soldiering decidedly melancholy. There is consternation among the officers of a Highland regiment at their headquarters in a Scottish castle when their tough, hard-drinking colonel, Sir Alec Guinness, tells them that a new C.O. is arriving to take over command from him.

Despite his crudeness, they are devoted to the man who rose from the ranks to lead them all through the war and they hate to feel he is being humiliated. While they and he are drowning their sorrows deep in whisky to wild "mood music" from the pipers, the new man, a colonel (Mr. John Mills) walks in unexpectedly. He is clearly somewhat shocked by what is going on and withdraws quickly—leaving behind an uneasy impression that changes will be made.

They are. Mr. Mills is a stickler for discipline and determined that his officers shall behave like gentlemen: his odd order that they must all practise Highland dancing before breakfast causes general resentment and sets Sir Alec drinking more heavily than ever. After a pub brawl in which Sir Alec strikes a young corporal (Mr. John Fraser), Mr. Mills is inclined to have him court-martialled but, solely to protect the regiment's good name, changes his mind. His leniency is misconstrued in the mess: Sir Alec, coarsely cock-a-hoop, seems to have scored a moral victory.

The clash of temperaments between the two men leads to an atmosphere of tension that neither can bear: Mr. Mills commits suicide and Sir Alec, overcome by the feeling that he is responsible for the colonel's death, goes mad. It is terribly sad to think that two fine soldiers should come to so miserable an end when both could have survived if one or the other had backed down with a good grace and applied for a transfer. Among the supporting cast Miss Kay Walsh, as an amiable actress, Mr. Dennis Price as an ambitious and not entirely trustworthy major, and Mr. Duncan Macrae as a dry

veteran pipe major are all splendid.

SuperDynamation provides Mr. Charles Schneer's production of *The Three Worlds Of Gulliver* with normal-size human beings, six-inch Lilliputians and 60-foot Brobdingnagians, all alive, alive oh! Unfortunately it fails to bring them properly into focus in relation to one another—so that nobody ever seems to be looking directly at the larger or

smaller person he is addressing. This will probably prove irritating to critical adults but may not worry the tots for whom (despite a spirited disclaimer from Mr. Schneer) it appears to have been designed. Mr. Kerwin Mathews is a handsome Gulliver and, until he turns quite alarmingly nasty, M. Gregoire Aslan is rather a dear as the Brobdingnagian King.



THE PENDULUM SWINGS from 20th-century reality to 18th-century fantasy in this week's films. Above: Strained moment in the mess, in *Tunes Of Glory*, as the commanding officer (Alec Guinness) laughs off the presence of his rival (John Mills) in a pleasantry to the major (Dennis Price). Below: Gulliver (Kerwin Mathews) shows his watch to the Lilliputians on the special stage they have built, in *The Three Worlds Of Gulliver*



SIRIOL HUGH-JONES ON

BOOKS

When grandma read
the Decameron

NOTHING, ESPECIALLY CHRISTMAS, IS going to put the merry publishers off their stroke. Here, while the days shorten and the book-lists lengthen, is a selection to be getting on with instead of sitting around worrying about the shopping.

"A cold kept me away from the only fancy dress party in London to which I can remember being invited, but Julia went alone and reported that all the six Mitfords had arrived dressed as Channel swimmers." This cool, even, uninflected tone of voice is fairly typical of the bland and cheerful irony which runs through Lady Violet Powell's autobiography, **Five Out of Six**. Croquet, holidays, schools, grandmother reading aloud from the Decameron and getting to the end of the story in time for tea—it is all tremendously grand and elegant and extremely funny in a dry, unastonished sort of way, sensible, unexotic and yet *de luxe*, like extra-thin bread-and-butter.

I enjoyed this calmly delicious book enormously, though I don't quite see why the publishers describe it as "romantic"; maybe the level of life it describes was so (and certainly it greatly touches me to think of little Lady Violet Pakenham buying both *Rainbow* and *Tiger Tim's* as a special seaside treat at Bexhill), but the tone is steely though sweet, dry as a good digestive biscuit.

The Importance of Wearing Clothes by Lawrence Langner is a long, rambling book by the founder of the Theatre Guild. It began as a preface to Mr. Langner's own play called *Lady Godiva, or the Importance of Wearing Clothes*, and a preface is perhaps what it should have remained. It is copiously illustrated and startlingly unalluring in appearance, and Mr. Langner's style runs to horrid coynesses such as "warmth and comfort fought a losing engagement in the battle of the bed," and he calls women's legs "feminine limbs."

The Small-Sword in England, by J. D. Aylward, Member of Honour of the British Academy of Fencing, is to me an entrancing curiosity, though to experts it is doubtless a learned guide and textbook. So delicate, so precise, so charmingly post-graduate-students-only is this small expensive book, so remote from the world of washing-up (even

in a machine hand-made by master-craftsmen) that one begins to accept quite calmly such flattering statements as "A lover of small-swords gets so accustomed to fine workmanship and artistic achievement that he is led insensibly to overlook the contemporary brass-hilted weapon on account of its usual inferiority." Why yes, to be sure, silly of us to be so snooty about brass hilts. There's a chapter on swordsmen that is riveting too, though the word maybe should be impaling. Anyone bored silly with stamps should think seriously about a little hilt-collecting this winter.

Briefly . . . The Cheeses of Old England by Shelagh Fraser is a cheering, pleasantly modest guide-book, with cheese recipes and menus; personally I'd prefer English cheeses and harpsichords to caviar and trumpets any day of the week. . . . **40 Best Stories From Mademoiselle** isn't a collection of merry jests in the French manner but a jumbo bran-tub of brief fiction by famous names from an American magazine, all clever as pie, and I imagine just the job for the up-to-date guest-room bedside table. . . . It seems to be rather the thing now to find Charles Addams too beastly to bear, but in my corrupt, diseased, old-fashioned way I still found a good deal of **Black Maria** very funny, though in bulk the old ghoul-master is oddly less alarming than, say, Steinberg or the wilder moments of François; this collection seems to reveal a new preoccupation with midget people. . . .

John Wain's new short stories, **Nuncle**, have not so far cleared my mind at all on the subject of this resolutely unsexed talent, and seemed to me both cross and clammy. . . . **Sundays**, by Daisy Fellowes, is a pricey little trifle, with chic scratchy drawings by Vertès, about the successful worldly progress of a dear little French maid with golden-brown hair, a friendly disposition; and a loopy twin-brother; very mannered, artificial and tinkly, like a skit on the heartless French long-short story, except that I think it is meant to be taken straight. . . . Georgette Heyer's short stories, **Pistols for Two**, belong to the now not unfamiliar world of interior-decorator's-Regency England, in which negligent young Marquises flourish bows at girls in simple muslin with a fillet in their golden hair, soon afterwards sweeping the enchanting creatures into a spirited embrace and kissing them so ferociously that the muslin ladies never know where their next gasp is coming from. Miss Heyer is a perfectly serious student of Regency slang, and reading this nonsense has the same linguistic side-interest one gets from contemporary fiction written in jazz-musician's code. . . .

And Miss Barbara Cartland, author of novels, philosophy (*Touch the Stars*), biography, sociology

(*Be Vivid, Be Vital*), non-fiction (*Bewitching Women*), drama, autobiography, radio operetta and radio play, has come up with her stalwart 88th book, **Love Under Fire**. It has one of Miss Cartland's golden-haired pointed-faced heroines, this time heavily involved in the Peninsular War ("Non! Non! Etes-vous fou?" the Commodore began"), but finally successfully crushed to the manly chest of Lord Wye, who always said she was an imp of mischief and never guessed she was really 17 and therefore lawfully crushable. I am addicted to Miss Cartland's *oeuvre*, and feel happily confident she will absolutely never stop.

GERALD LASCELLES ON

RECORDS

Singers for the
season

BECAUSE CHRISTMAS LOOMS NEAR, and I associate it with everyone wanting to sing, whether in church or at a party, I have carefully selected an array of vocal talent. That impressive swinging stylist, Ray Charles, throws in a high-powered, albeit rather histrionic, performance in his **In person** album (HA-K2284), where the listener is left guessing to some extent whether he is a rock 'n' roller or a gospel singer. Part of the answer is provided by a less heated but carefully prepared set by Ray, **The genius hits the road** (CSD1320). My reaction is that he uses the gospel approach to get across to large audiences, but that his studio recordings show him in better light, singing popular tunes and a smattering of near blues.

Whichever way you look at the problem, Ray Charles is an artist not to be overlooked, and the importance of swinging all the time is evident in each performance.

Two new albums by Ella Fitzgerald prove her greatness in contrasting settings. **Let no man write my epitaph** (CLP1396) presents the music she sang as background for the film of the same name, primarily in ballad mood. As a swinger she proves her supremacy in a very special session, **Ella wishes you a swinging Christmas** (CLP1397). The selection of material is, inevitably, conventional, but her individual treatment of these seasonal pieces will make this new release a priority for most jazz-minded people.

Few women did more to sow the seeds of jazz in Europe than Josephine Baker, whose triumphant reign over Paris before World War

Two was one of the phenomena of the entertainment world. Her come-back in the revue *Paris mes amours* last year brought great acclaim from two generations of Parisians, and it is appropriate that some of the songs featured in this show are also in her new LP (SF5065).

I cannot fault this immaculate cabaret work, which gives rise to speculation as to what extent Miss Baker has influenced the host of French singers who came after her.

Exercising an equal claim to stylish influence in post-war years is Frank Sinatra, who treats the listening world to 16 of his most swinging numbers in *Swing easy* (W587). The smoothness of his delivery is deceptive, when it comes to an assessment of his jazz faculties. I think you will find that he works closer to the beat than most American singers today.

There is only one man who fits neither category of singer or shouter. He is that unique gravel-voiced "Satchmo" Louis Armstrong. When he claims **I've got the world on a string** (CSD1317) no man on earth could deny it. Listen particularly to his moving version of that old spiritual *Nobody knows the trouble I've seen*. Louis turns back the clock to 1927/8 for **My good old ones** (TFE17298), an EP that revives some of the best of his Hot Five sessions. He is featured once more with his All Stars in a good pair of tracks which are the highlight from his old film *New Orleans*.

Anyone who prefers a more ribald form of Christmas entertainment may find Pearl Bailey's **Songs of the bad old days** (SC23337) to their liking. These are typical cabaret interpretations, with her special twists thrown in.

ALAN ROBERTSON ON

GALLERIES

Pollock, the painter
with a lariat

FEW OF US WHO SAW THE BIG Jackson Pollock exhibition at the Whitechapel Art Gallery in 1958 will ever forget its terrific impact. Most of us must have gone to the exhibition with a limited knowledge of Pollock's work and, let's admit it, with a predisposition to scoff at the artist whom we knew as the king of the chuck-it-on school of painting. But we were overwhelmed and amazed by the sheer physical size of his achievement and, in particular, by the size of the 7 ft. by 16 ft. *Blue poles*.

In his new book on Pollock Jackson Pollock (Thames & Hudson, 5 gns.) the director of the White-chapel Gallery, Bryan Robertson, dwells at length on this huge painting, and as I read him I could not help thinking how pretentious I would have thought him if I had never seen the picture—or some other, comparable work of the artist's.

The book is beautifully produced and richly illustrated but even a double-page colour reproduction of a canvas like *Blue poles* is virtually meaningless. To the layman it is as if he were given a micro-aerial photograph as a guide to a whole country. But then it is not, unfortunately, a book for the layman. Mr. Robertson is a clever writer, even a sensitive one, but he is not an easy one.

His method is to throw the reader in at the deep end so that only if he survives can he enjoy the few shallow pools that come later. Carried away by his own erudition and his impassioned admiration for the American's painting he is well over halfway through his text before he tells us, "Paul Jackson Pollock was born in Cody, Wyoming, in 1912. His father, Le Roy McCoy, was the adopted son of a family named Pollock. . . ."

By then, and other unconventional touches both in text and format, he hoped, as he told me, to make the

both Mr. Robertson and Sam Hunter, of New York's Museum of Modern Art, as precisely as a cowboy twirls a lariat.

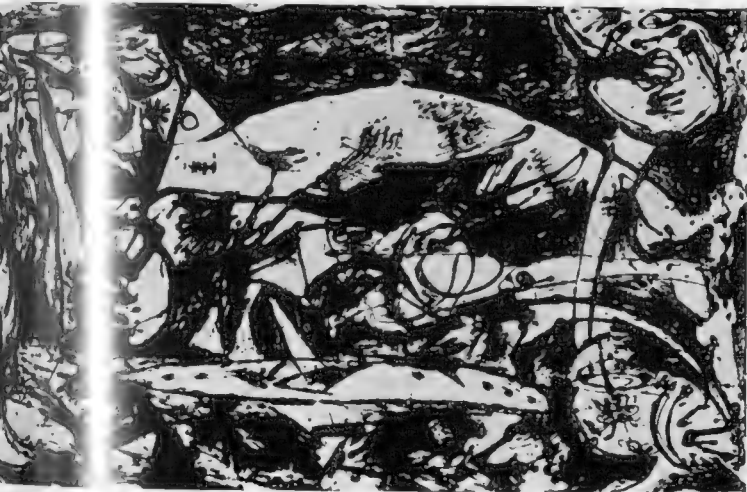
There are also sadly-moving photographs showing him first as a handsome youth of 16, then fiercely virile at the height of his powers in 1950 and finally, only six years later but looking 20 years older, as he was shortly before his death in a James Dean-ish car crash.

It is pointless to criticize a book for not being something it never set out to be. But I feel sure that the author in this case would have done a greater service to Pollock if he had come down from the higher realms of criticism and approached the man's work through the man.

Still, for those who are accustomed to the prolixity of current art criticism, he is both provocative and rewarding. As when he writes:

"Communication can be left for the telephone or the movies, for planes, telegrams, books and posters, for the sharp wits of advertising agencies vulgarizing and transmitting at a lower and more popular level the by-products of those acts of revelation made by artists for their own sake in their studios."

And he can be straightforwardly interesting, as when he traces the influence upon the artist of the Navaho Indian sand-painters who make their pictures with coloured earths spilling and trickling through



Pollock, painted in 1951, from Bryan Robertson's book

book "organically alive." But I think he will agree that, for most people, the most alive things in the book are going to be found neither in his text nor in the reproductions (since these can give little idea of the vitally important textural qualities of Pollock's paint) but in the brilliant photographs on the opening pages.

Here is the artist, large can of house-paint in one hand, his vast canvas laid out on the floor in front of him, apparently limbering up in a sort of ritual dance before going in to the attack. Then comes the attack itself made, this time, with a stick dripping paint (sometimes he used a syringe or let the paint trickle direct from the can) which he handled, according to

their fingers or thrown on to the ground from bowls.

One thing I would like to have seen him say—but I am afraid he was too "sent" by Pollock to say it—is that Pollock is not for imitation. He was the beginning and the end of his sort of painting—a fact I think he himself recognized when, a few years after expressing his preference for "sticks, trowels, knives and dripping fluid paint or a heavy impasto with sand, broken glass and other foreign matter," he returned to orthodox brushes and paint from tubes. He seems to have realized that he had played out the throw-and-drip technique for, as Mr. Robertson recalls, he refused many commissions to paint that way during his last years.

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Helena Rubinstein
CHRISTMAS GIFTS

GOOD LOOKS
BY
ELIZABETH
WILLIAMSON

BLUFF!

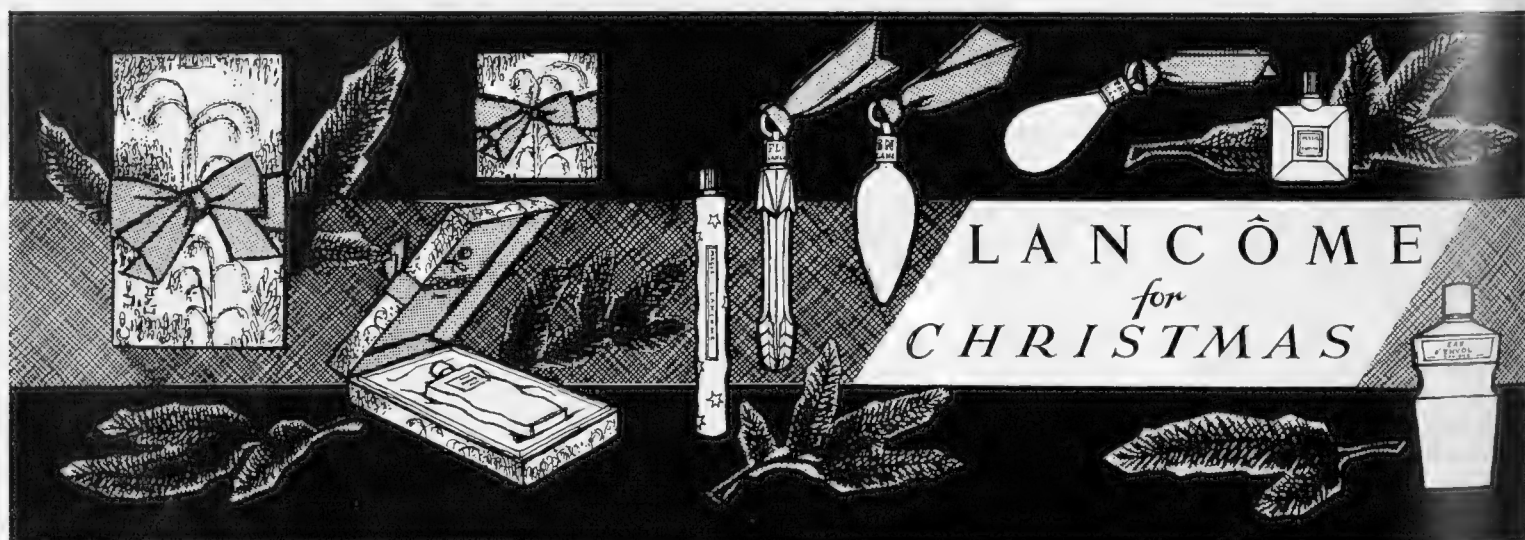
Here's a pretty face that I call counterfeit. It's bluff that gives it beauty—and the same game can be played by anyone who's willing to learn the rules. First rule: Never just make a fair copy of an admired face. A woman may lack the vision, the taste, to unravel the everyday look and see it anew, but she can always go to a salon and buy a new view. Good viewfinders are Elizabeth Arden, the Beauty Clinic.

The plan in the picture is pure bluff. For a face not strictly beautiful, hair that clings, swings and shines enough to catch the eye and bewitch . . . eyes that are more than pretty, but manage to glance, devastatingly careless, unposed . . . the rest—underplayed. And the bluff has been pulled here by Raphael of Vidal Sassoon, caught in the act by Barry Warner.

Bluff for a too-rosy skin is a green foundation that looks too bright in the pot, but just right under a normal toned-to-skin powder. A topping of green powder can be too harsh and result in a zombie-ish look. This ploy is at its best used as an ingredient in the actual mixing of the powder (Charles of the Ritz will stir a special blend for you high in the green rating). It's a good bluff to pull at winter parties when temperatures often soar to hothouse levels.



BARRY WARNER



DINING IN

Helen Burke



The boneless wonders

WHATEVER YOU AND I MAY THINK about it, the weekend or Sunday joint of Old England is becoming smaller all the time, and it is unlikely that we shall ever see the former large-sized joint again. The price of beef will see to that. Another thing: Our eating habits have been and are still undergoing such changes that, if we had all the money in the world, we should still probably prefer our new smaller dishes.

As far as I can see, we are now following the Continental practice of buying very well-trimmed boned meat—and paying an extremely high price for it. The butcher will probably tell you, as he told me last week, that he loses money on this. In this instance, it was the top of the sirloin—that piece of meat exactly opposite the fillet. Sold in one piece, this choice sirloin joint would have cost between 6s. and 7s. a pound. Boned and trimmed of all excess fat and that slice of gristle which runs through the thick end (and which always hampers the carver), the meat cost me 11s. a pound—in all, 22s.

Expensive—but well worth it. There was enough for six servings, and a little left over to go into green sweet peppers as a stuffing.

With a small compact all-meat joint of tender beef, start the baking at a high heat in order to seal the juices and start the fat running.

First sprinkle the meat with seasoned flour. Having heated the oven to 475 deg. F. or gas mark 8, place the joint in it and leave it at that temperature for 20 to 25 minutes, then reduce the heat to 375 deg. F. or gas mark 5. I allowed 40 minutes in all because my guests wanted really underdone meat. For those who want less underdone beef, allow 50 minutes in all.

With this joint serve my favourite — POMMES SAVOYARD. For these, you can use either of the two varieties of potatoes available (in London, at any rate), King Edward or Majestic, but I was lucky enough to have some of those delicious Dutch Sirtema potatoes, grown in Yorkshire. First, thickly butter a fairly shallow oven dish (an earthenware one is ideal). It should be deep enough to hold the slices of halved potatoes standing on their edges and the stock to cover them.

For 6 people, peel 2½ to 3 lb. potatoes, then cut them in halves and cut them into half-crown slices. Arrange them in the dish, level sides down, in alternately slanting rows.

If you want the rows to be uniform, you will find that there are some little slices which do not fit. Pop these into a pot with a piece of butter and add a chopped onion, the sliced white part of a medium-sized leek and seasoning to taste. Simmer for a few minutes, then cover with boiling water and cook until the vegetables are done. You then have next day's soup.

To return to my potato dish. I always sprinkle a chopped onion between the rows, but this is optional. Next, I pour in enough hot seasoned stock to come through the potatoes, dot the surface with a walnut or two of butter and place the dish in the oven. If the joint is only 2 to 2½ lb. in weight, it is a good idea to get the potatoes into the oven before the meat goes in. Give them about 20 minutes at 400 deg. F. or gas mark 6, then raise the temperature as above, place the potatoes in a cooler zone in the oven and the meat in the hottest part.

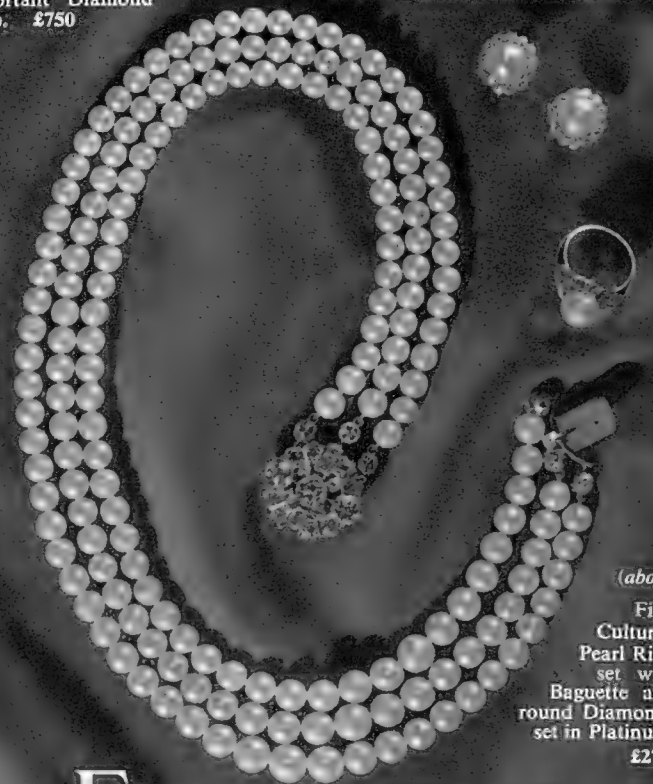
I like to carve this "joint" in the kitchen, reassemble the slices on a heated platter and surround them with a selection of vegetables—peas, cauliflower florets sprinkled with sieved egg yolk or buttered very tiny Brussels sprouts. Perhaps, too, buttered very tiny carrots—all à la Bouquetière. This vegetable garnish looks well on the platter and any three of the vegetables are good companions.

Gravy? I always place a thickly sliced onion, a small nut of butter, a dessertspoon of olive oil and 2 tablespoons of red wine in the baking tin in the first place. The wine evaporates and all you have left is the onion, impregnated with it, and the seasoning. After removing the meat to the carving board, add a little stock or water to the baking tin and bring it to the boil. Crush the onions to release their flavour, then strain the gravy into a heated sauce boat and serve.

While I do not think any condiments other than pepper and salt are needed for high-quality meat, I always like to pass horse-radish cream with it.

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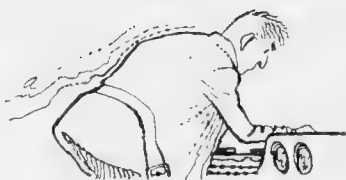
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MOTORING

Gordon Wilkins

Brakepower & womanpower

WERE PRE-WAR CAR BRAKES BETTER for town use than those we have now? And what sort of braking performance do we want, anyway? These two questions arose on a recent B.B.C. Panorama programme in which I was involved with Mr. Rex Hays, the motoring author and maker of superb scale-models. Comparing figures from pre-war road tests by *The Motor* with those obtained today he concluded that pre-war brakes were better for use at 30 m.p.h. speeds in built-up areas, where most accidents occur.

We saw one of the B.B.C.'s young ladies recording momentarily a maximum pressure of 100 lb. on a brake pedal. She could not sustain it, and Richard Dimbleby only achieved 120. From this it is easy to conclude that many women just can't manage the 100-120 lb. pressure required to produce maximum braking on many modern cars.

It seems to me this is where statistics can tell a misleading story. Having done many of *The Motor's* pre-war road tests myself I remember just how horrible some of those brakes were. They did

multiply the driver's efforts by generating a self-wrapping action between the shoes and the drum. But the action varied enormously. Sometimes a touch on the pedal would send you crashing into the windscreen, sometimes it would pull the car round sideways, or it might have very little effect at all. In grabbing they could record a high stopping efficiency on a brake meter, which is worked by a pendulum, but this was not always reflected in a quick, straight stop in an emergency. I can recall only one pre-war car that would consistently achieve a straight-line stop in 32 feet from 30 m.p.h.: the Lagonda Rapier.

Modern brakes really can stop a car in a straight line in about 35 feet from 30 m.p.h. But this is not everyday driving; it is enough to send a passenger's face crashing into the windscreen or knock her teeth out against the instrument panel. Therefore it can only be used in dire emergencies, which should not happen more than once a year at the most.

By abandoning the excessive

self-servo effect and putting up the pedal pressure somewhat, brake designers have obtained big advantages. Modern brakes stand up to road conditions in which pre-war types would fade away. The British driver today has to cope with more emergencies per mile than anyone else in the world and his brakes stay on the job, consistent and predictable. They are generally much more resistant to fade than those of American cars. And the heat resistance of the brakes is such that they will, for example, bring a car to a standstill from 100 m.p.h. in 5 seconds several times in quick succession with no deterioration, whereas on some American cars, one full power stop from 80 m.p.h. or so begins to affect the brakes and few will do more than four in quick succession without showing signs of distress. It is not surprising therefore that other European countries, France, Germany, Italy and Sweden, are buying British brakes.

Of course perfection is not here yet. The handbrakes on some all-disc cars are alarmingly inefficient and would probably not pass the 10-year test. People also say that discs lack "bite" in those vital low-speed stops in built up areas. The manufacturers reply that it could be provided by different friction pads, but only by sacrificing some of the heat resistance.

This raises the question of how much braking power we really need. Nearly all modern cars provide a

degree of emergency braking power which could inflict quite serious injuries on a passenger taken unawares and we cannot consider these things *in vacuo*, or we get into the position of the driver who will swerve on to the footpath and kill a child in order to avoid a dog.

Safety belts would protect car passengers during panic braking but they would not be much use if the passengers were to be crushed by a bus or a truck, which is not designed for such spectacular feats. Braking efficiency on public service vehicles could only be increased if all passengers had seat belts and if we handcuffed all standing passengers to their hanging straps.

And we should still be left with the problem of the heavy lorry. With this, a stop in 32 feet from 30 m.p.h. might well result in the driver being crushed by his own load.

There are a few cars on which the pedal pressures for normal stops are on the high side, and a few on which fade-resistance still needs improvement, but most car drivers now have all the braking power that is desirable in present road conditions. Among the improvements we still need are better handbrakes for all-disc systems, a simple and reliable method of distributing the braking according to the load on front and rear wheels (which Citroën already do) and some means of preventing the wheels locking when braking hard on slippery surfaces (as already demonstrated on the Ferguson car).



MAN'S WORLD

David Morton

A COAT ON DISPLAY AT JOHN Michael's in New Bond Street and the King's Road in Chelsea has been exciting interest. To see anyone wearing it, one would think it just a rather nice coat—a fairly dark brown suède, almost olive brown, with a casual but classic air to it like a Burberry. But the price is a cool 156 gns.—cool enough to make a man think. Part of the reason is that it has a pony skin lining that would keep a man warm even when driving the Facellia. John (Michael) Ingram has already sold several and the style and dash typified by this coat carries right through their range of suède, down to the Mini Minor bracket.

Just as the pony skin coat is classic in its cut, with raglan sleeves, vertical pockets and triple-stitched edges, so are the suède blazers at this shop. Brass buttons, patch pockets, shot silk linings—the only

off-beat thing about them is the unusual material. Suède can be either "Persian" or "domestic"; both are rather misleading geographically, as the Persian suède will probably come from India and the domestic suède may be from France. The Persian is thinner and more supple but not so hard wearing as domestic suède, which is often preferred for its strength and extra thickness. It is also the cheaper of the two—the blazer in domestic costs 16 gns. against 25 gns. for the Persian. I liked John Michael's three-quarter-length coat with a black and brown checked lining in wool, slant pockets and a tie-belt for 25 gns. John Ingram was just back from Paris and he showed me some arresting photographs of new suède clothing designed for the coming year. They included a shot of a *très sportif* Norfolk jacket and knickerbocker outfit that would

stop a latterday Lady Chatterley dead in her tracks if the new game-keeper turned up in it.

Suèdecraft, at 51 Beauchamp Place, S.W.1, and 10 Manningham Lane, Bradford, 1, have clothes of a rather more conservative nature. They have an excellent reputation for value and quality, the first acquired through selling garments of their own making and thus at a low profit margin, the second through attention to details. Their Cresta sheepskin coat is probably the best value going. It's in the classic style with a generous collar and three buttons for 14, 18 or 21 gns. according to quality of skin. Another splendid buy here is a suède waistcoat. These are tailored from odd skins in stock and made up with satin linings for £4 9s. 6d.—a tattersall check lining costs 10s. extra. Ties, undyed and therefore washable, cost 29s. 6d., heavy knitted pullovers with suède fronts are 7 gns., or 5 gns. in the sleeveless style.

Countrymen will see more of Suèdecraft next year—they have bought a mobile showroom which will attend agricultural and horse shows—but until then Mrs. Marshall will continue to deal with mail orders from 3, Manor Street, Bradford, 1.

Harrods, too, have a good stock of

suède in their men's department. I saw an excellent three-quarter-length coat with a beaver collar and a half-belt for £40. Quasentum do a supple casual shirt in natural tones of suède, with two pockets set low at the front and buttoning cuffs, for 26 gns.

Problem with suède is keeping it clean. Day to day maintenance is best done with a sponge, and any marks which resist may yield to an ordinary indiarubber. Cleaning of sheepskin coats is a specialist's job and Suèdecraft recommend the return of their clothes to them for this purpose. Another way to keep suède pristine is to send it to Leather Restorers at 22 Brompton Arcade, who also work wonders with the most disreputable suède shoes. Often the neck of a suède jacket is the first part to show the need for cleaning—for this reason I prefer an inset knitted collar—but a little spirit rubbed on the collar of a sheepskin jacket is effective.

Suède is the only material which will clothe a man from head to toe, and I've covered the outfit fairly well already—shirt, waistcoat, topcoat and tie. John Michael can supply the vital omission for either 21 gns. or 19 gns. and the hat to round everything off can be had from the Scotch House for 70s.

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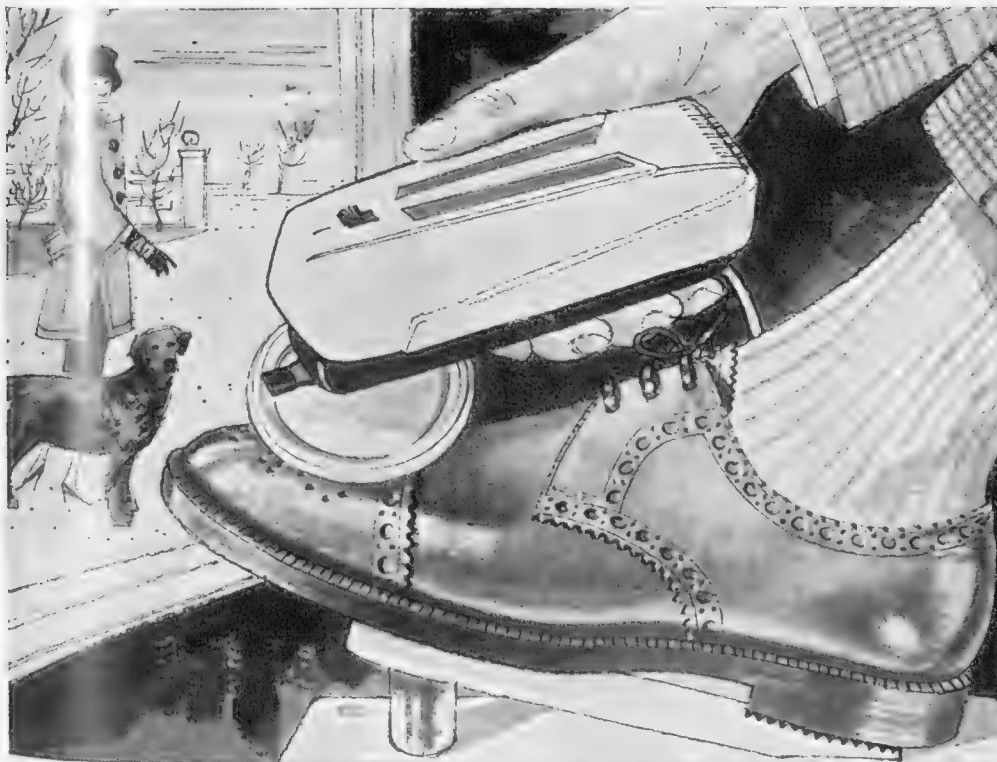
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Weddings



Fordyce—Peel: Sheila Mary Rose, daughter of Capt. Charles & the Hon. Mrs. Fordyce, of Castle Park, Appleby, Westmorland, was married to Jeremy, son of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. Charles Peel, of Blairgowrie, at St. James's, Spanish Place



Bundy—Hillyard: Jennifer Anne, only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Frank Bundy, of Elm Lodge, Weybridge, Surrey, was married to Robin, son of Mr. P. C. H. Hillyard, O.B.E., & Mrs. Hillyard of Hood House, Dolphin Square, S.W.1, at St. Andrew's, Cobham, Surrey



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Engagements



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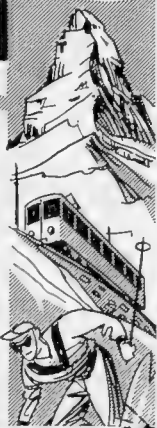
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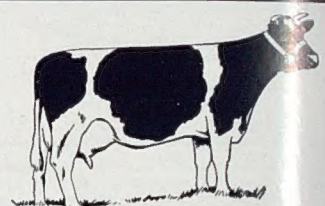
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